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FEBRUARY 27, 1987

Joseph Sobran
Garry Wills's Reagan

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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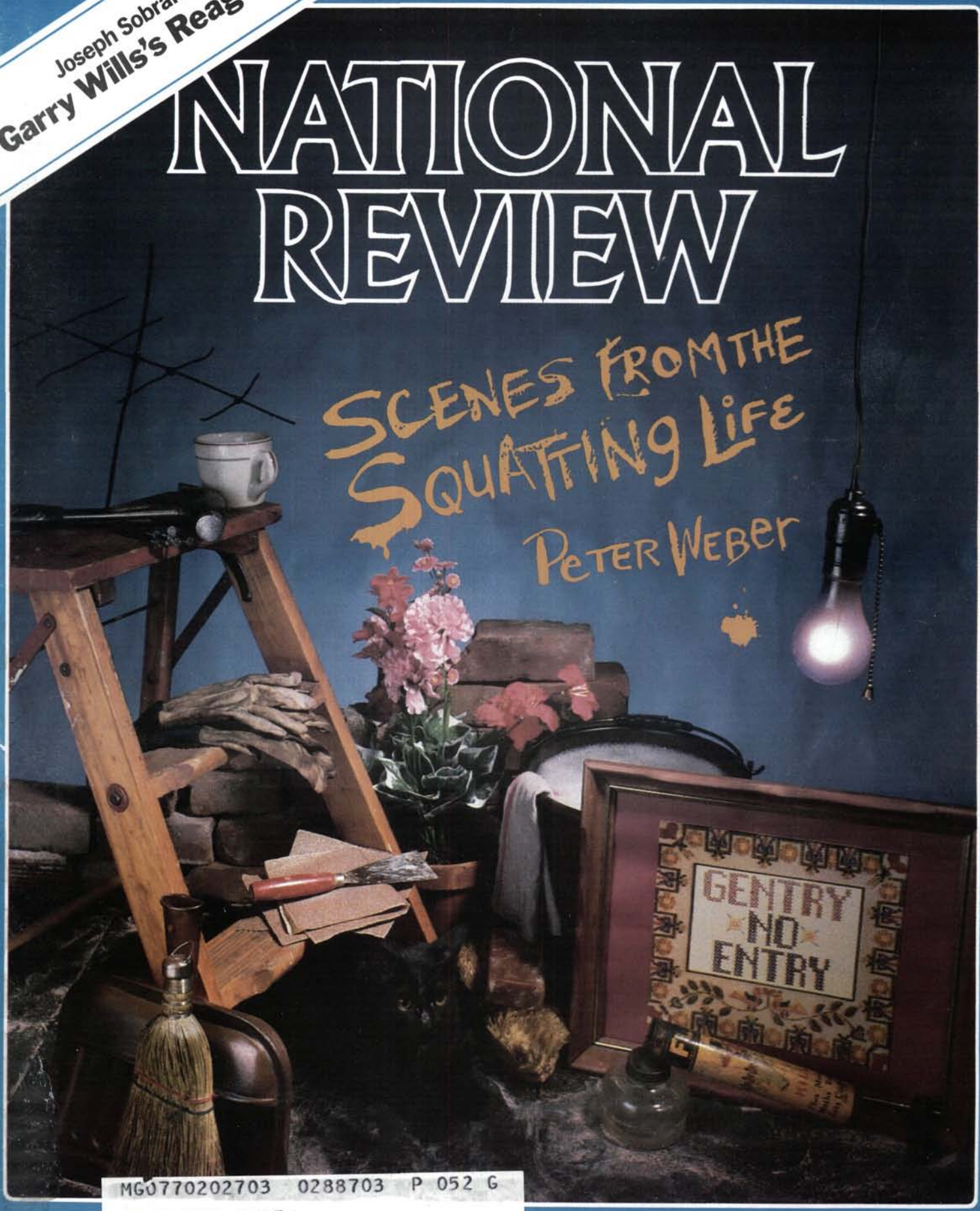


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GEORGE GILDER'S MEN AND MARRIAGE
TOM BETHELL GOES CALIFORNIA DREAMING
MAGGIE GALLAGHER ON PRO-LIFE FEMINISTS

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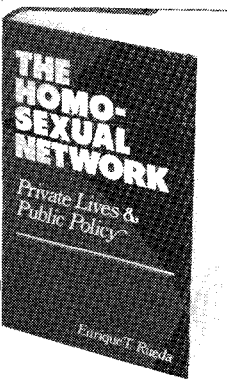


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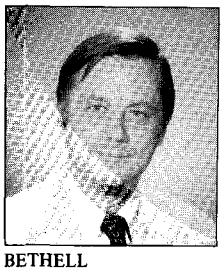
# NATIONAL REVIEW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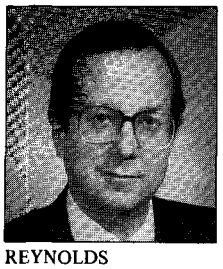
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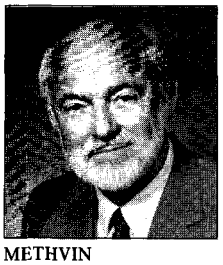
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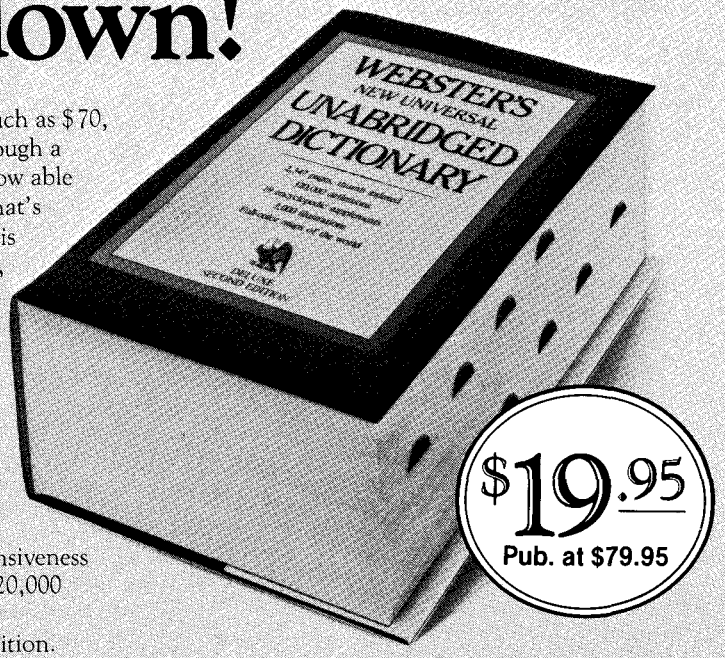


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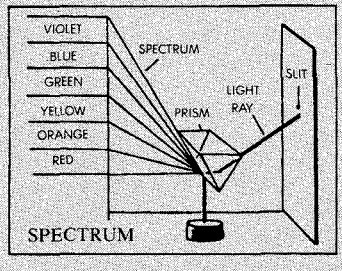


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# LETTERS

## A + B = SDI

It seems that *NR* [Feb. 13] has ascertained only the first part of the equation. You identify the variables, namely: *A* (the Contras can't win on the current terms of battle ["Can the Contras Win?"], and if they did their strength would be of the Cory Aquino caliber) + *B* (our only hope for the future is SDI, as underlined by your relentless coverage of this subject, culminating in your new feature "SDI Watch"). But you fail to come to the obvious conclusion, *C* (pull all our dough out of idiotic Third World ventures and pour it into SDI).

All those arrogant, whining Third World nations that scream "Dirty Yankee imperialist!" today, as we shove billions down their throats, would whistle a different tune if we packed up and left them to their misery. Some would say this is isolationist, but then again, what good is support of guerrillas who are only socialists anyway? It's like supporting socialist Solidarity against Communist Jaruzelski: pretty but not practical.

Better we spend on SDI and worry about our own increasingly protectionist and provincial domestic theater. Soon we'll deploy, and everyone will want to be our friend again.

*Lou Nerbay*
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## Testing: One, Two, Three

I don't understand. Congress authorized Contra aid ["What Ollie North Told Me before He Took the Fifth," Jan. 30]. The Administration used funds from the Iran deal to provide it. Am I supposed to be outraged because it took the money from Middle East oil moguls instead of from my taxes?

*William C. Fletcher*
*Lawrence, Kan.*

If the Iranian fantasies reported by Neil Livingstone really did come from Colonel North, they are the strongest argument I have seen yet in favor of mandatory drug testing of government employees.

How else can one explain the belief that the Soviets would attack the number-one anti-American terrorist state in the world, freeing us of an irreconcilable enemy while allowing us to posture as defenders of the Muslim world? As long as Khomeini remains in power, it makes much more sense for the Soviets quietly to encourage anti-Americanism, while preparing for a struggle after Khomeini's death.

*Hugo S. Cunningham*
*Omaha, Neb.*

Regarding Iranacontradance: Is anyone investigating the possibility that Fagin put Oliver up to it?

*Reid R. Samuelson*
*Eastford, Conn.*

## Wacky Iraqis

Mr. Crozier's conclusion that the West would be best served in the Middle East by an Iraqi victory ["The Fragile Polity," Jan. 30] is, in my view, slightly flawed. While an Iranian victory would certainly have disastrous effects on the region, there is little hope that an Iraqi victory would be any better. One must not forget that our principal adversary in the geopolitical arena is also Iraq's main arms source, and a major force in the region through that fact. An Iraqi win, in this context, would leave the Persian Gulf in the clutches of the Soviets, an unpleasantly dangerous thought. Rather, the preferred solution would be to end the war with an approximately equal balance of power, such that Iran is kept in check and so, through its proxy Iraq, is the Soviet Union.

*Michael Midura*
*Brooklyn, N.Y.*

## O'Neill National Mortgage

While we're thinking of tributes to Tip ["Tip's Long Good-Bye," Dec. 31], may I add one more that seems to have been overlooked?

As most people realize, our nation is plagued by a horrendous national debt—a figure Democrats will gleefully try to pin on President Reagan.

However, let it be recalled that when President Reagan arrived in Washington the national debt was speeding along in the $900-billion range—thanks to deficit-spending patterns mandated by a Congress where Democrats had kept dominant control for many years, and where Speaker O'Neill was a guiding light.

Let it also be recalled that when President Reagan arrived in Washington interest rates were running around 20 per cent per year. Though these rates have been considerably reduced, they still mean that carrying charges on borrowed



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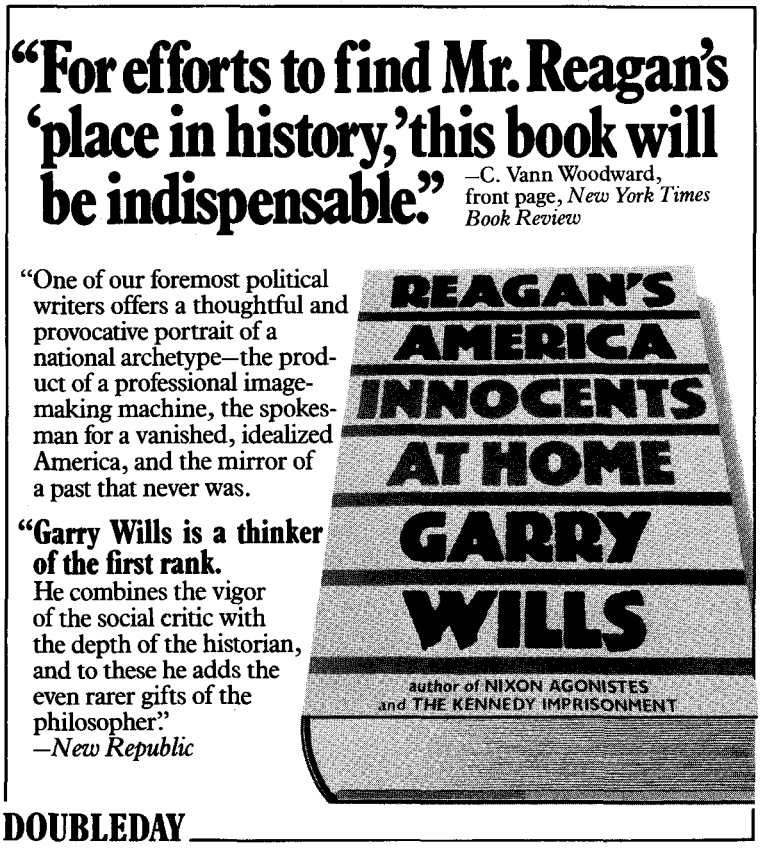
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money that totaled more than $900 billion would by this time automatically have raised that amount to $1.5 trillion.

So, approximately $1.5 trillion, plus all future carrying charges related thereto, must be labeled and permanently recognized as the O'Neill National Mortgage.

*John R. Kilgore*
*San Antonio, Tex.*

### Berlin: The Long Run

Tom Bethell does not discuss what effect a NATO pullout on the part of the U.S. might have on the city of Berlin ["Exit from NATO?" Dec. 19]. Presumably, the Four Powers Agreement would maintain the allied defensive force within the isle of democracy. The U.S. military in Berlin is indeed a defensive force and, even on the most modest appraisal, is much more than an assembly of convenient hostages. The general disposition of the populace here is also far from one of resentment and insulated national pride. The separate question remains as to how effectively an active Bundeswehr would handle the constant rumble of border incidents and the threat of Soviet tanks without a formal U.S. alliance.

*SP4 Jeff B. Cerny*
*United States Army*
*Berlin*

Just finished reading and comparing Bethell's and Brookhiser's respective pro-and-con articles on U.S. withdrawal from NATO. Though usually the author of insightful reports, Brookhiser this time falls into the trap of static analysis, the faulty perspective from which our Federal Government makes so many decisions. Yes, individual European nations may be incapable of stopping the Soviets *now*, but gradually decrease the American presence, and former strengths, now atrophied, will be renewed. The potential exists, but not forever. Bethell correctly explains that the atrophy can become so advanced as to render hopeless any effective self-support.

For renewed vigor, Bethell proposes a way to motivate the Europeans to engage in much-needed physical therapy; while Brookhiser, by seeking merely to strengthen the crutches, will maintain the patient's dependent status.

*Samuel R. Lewis*
*Herndon, Va.*

### It Certainly Isn't Don Regan

Re: the paragraph on raising the pay of federal employees ["The Week," Jan. 30]: Who's the mole?

*Dave Wiener*
*La Jolla, Calif.*



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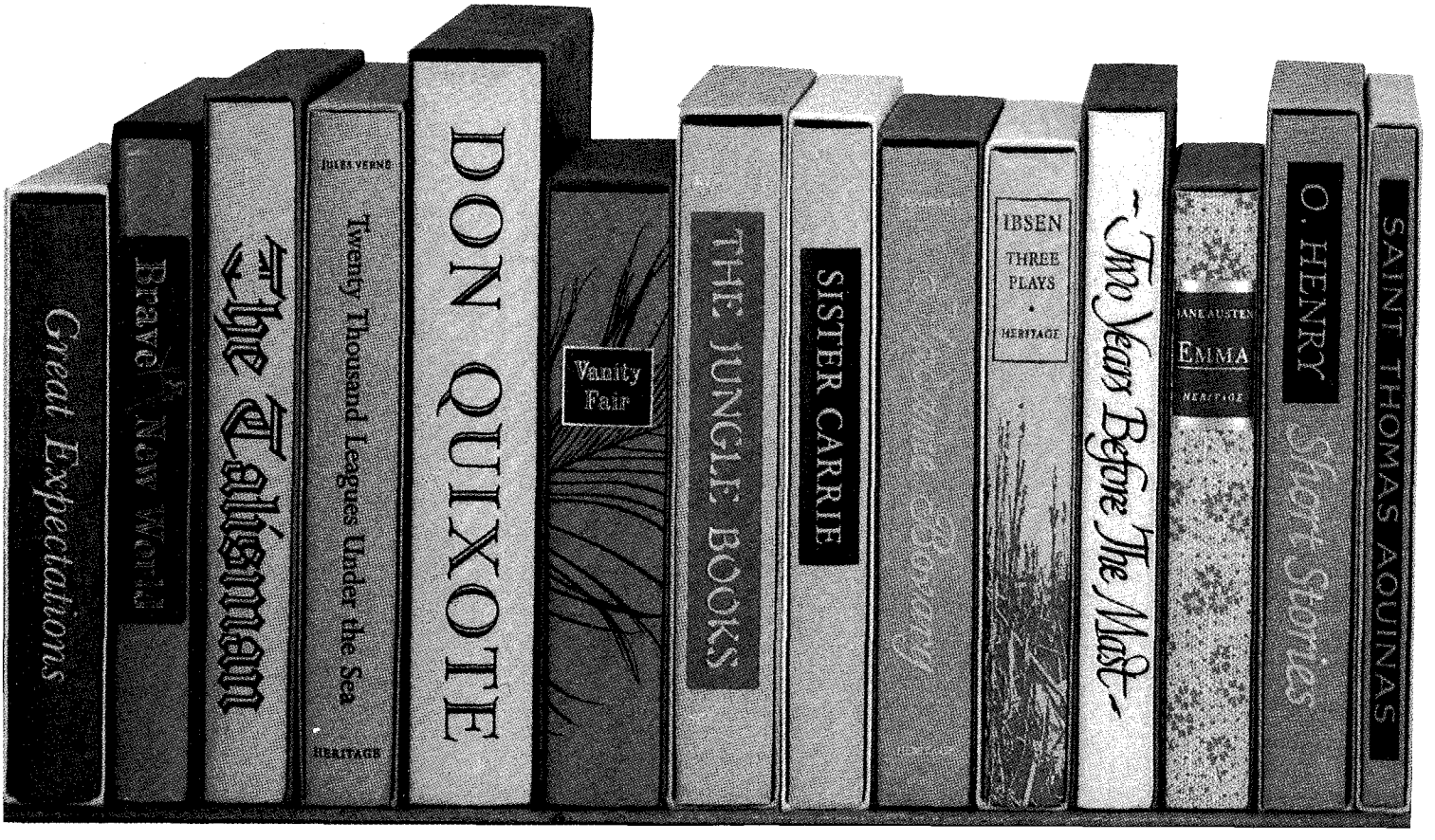


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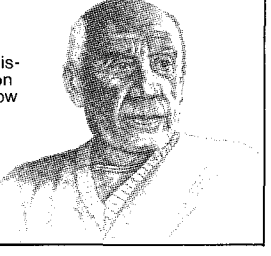

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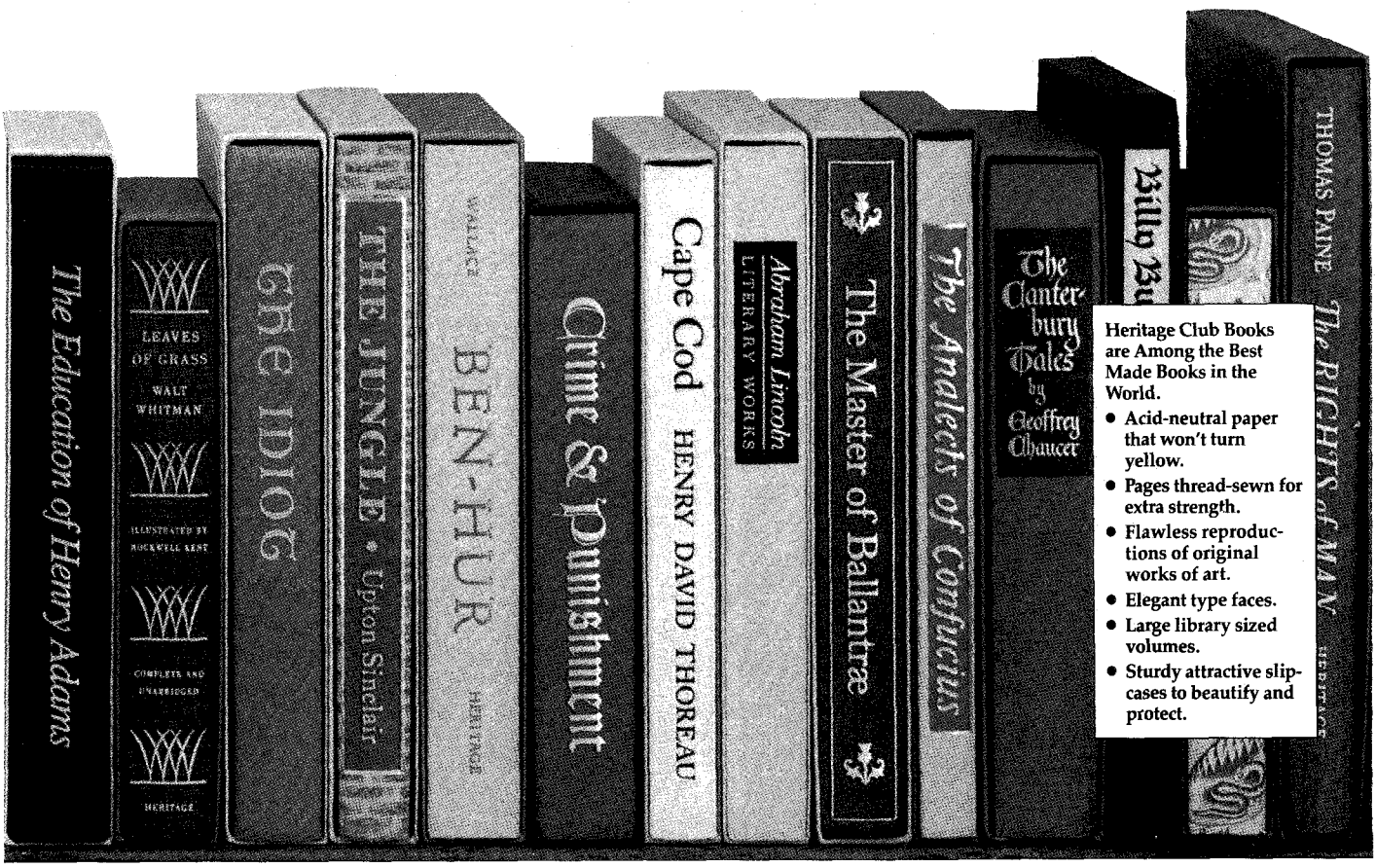


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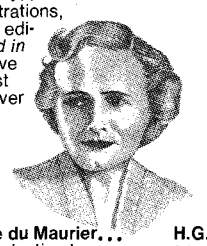

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# FOR THE RECORD

Eyes Right: **Jack Kemp**'s speech to American Association of Retired Persons in praise of Social Security raised conservative eyebrows. Kemp defended program from "social libertarians of the Right and the Left. . . . It's not often that you hear a conservative attack a liberal for cutting the benefits of widows and orphans." Kemp issues-advisor **Jeffrey Bell** calls Social Security a "tremendous safety net for the family." Press secretary **John Buckley** made practical point: "We are talking about a primary electorate that is old." . . . Colorado Senator **Bill Armstrong**'s decision to decline a run in 1988 frees supporters of New Hampshire Senator **Gordon Humphrey**, an Armstrong backer, to work for Kemp, though Humphrey himself will not. . . . New Hampshire Governor **John Sununu** is telling press that Kemp's campaign in the Granite State is "just not clicking." There is a grudge here: Kemp backed **Warren Rudman** over Sununu in 1980 GOP Senate primary. . . . "We'll watch Kemp" for ideological deviations, promises former U.S. Treasurer **Bay Buchanan Jackson**, sister of retiring White House Communications Director **Pat Buchanan**. If any appear, "I'll be knocking down my brother's door" to get him back into race he pulled out of last month. . . . Oh yes, Kemp's formal announcement is scheduled for April 6-7, in four places: the House, Buffalo, New Hampshire, and Iowa.

Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

*"A falling pound, a record trade deficit . . . it's just like old times."*

Eyes Left: **Robert Squier**, top D.C. Democratic consultant, raves over **Mario Cuomo**. "Governor Cuomo is someone of heroic size, a very big figure, maybe as big as President **Reagan**. . . . He gets his Teflon from the same place Reagan does." . . . But are voters convinced? *Boston Herald* reports New Hampshire poll showing New York governor at 14 per cent, a distant third. Ahead of him: **Gary Hart**, with 42 per cent, and Massachusetts Governor **Michael Dukakis**, 30 per cent. . . . Cuomo also can't be happy with article by Albany reporter **Miriam Pawel** in left-wing *Mother Jones*, "Nine Great Myths about Mario Cuomo." Some samples: "Myth 1: Mario Cuomo is the hope of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Myth 2: Mario Cuomo is a fiscal conservative. Myth 3: Mario Cuomo surrounds himself with the best and brightest. (A/k/a: Mario Cuomo relies on lots of people besides his son **Andrew**.) . . . Myth 8: Mario Cuomo is a charming man." Especially irksome to *Mother Jones*: Cuomo's waffling on Nicaragua (i.e., insufficient zeal for Sandinistas). Possible source of much of the dirt: New York Senate Minority Leader **Manfred Ohrenstein**, a Democrat.

Don't stop at Contragate, warns Rep. **Harry J. Hyde** (R., Ill.)—there is lots of American money flowing to Communists in Central America by shady means. "The forces of the Gestapo of the Left in El Salvador are getting money under false pretenses." Report of U.S. Embassy in San Salvador, recently declassified, pinpoints "funds channeled by sympathetic human-rights groups, unions, and elements in the Catholic Church." . . . Supporters of the Sandinistas count 48 solid votes in new Senate to block Contra aid. Prime targets to go past 48, according to *The Village Voice*, are **William Cohen** (R., Me.), **Nancy Kassebaum** (R., Kan.), **Charles Grassley** (R., Iowa), **Dan Evans** (R., Wash.), **Bill Bradley** (D., N.J.). . . . What Gulf is to Angola, Exxon is to Nicaragua. Post-revolution, **Daniel Ortega** brought in Cubans and Mexicans to run the company's refineries. When that didn't work, Managua asked Iran for help, without success. Exxon is now back running its old plants. . . . "What we see happening in Nicaragua is widely unknown to the American people. It is indeed a security threat of the first order. Not just because their combined military capabilities outweigh all other nations that surround them together. But because of the extraordinary investment that the Soviets have placed inside this country. It is the largest development of a military infrastructure that has ever occurred in this hemisphere." The author? Lt. Col. **Oliver North**, in a speech last May, exhumed by *Washington Post*.

Bad year for journalists. Freedom House, the New York-based human-rights watchdog, reported 214 instances of harassment worldwide for 1986. Executive director **Leonard Sussman** also found journalistic performance lacking. "The enterprise which journalists continue to demonstrate in covering South Africa is not employed to keep alive reporting of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. . . . Except for an occasional visit inside Afghanistan by an intrepid Western reporter, the atrocities committed there go mainly unreported." . . . Soviets' problem within their own borders: religion. **Mikhail Gorbachev**, in a speech in Tashkent, called for "an uncompromising struggle against religious manifestations and the strengthening of atheistic propaganda." Communist Party of Armenia demanded "a serious improvement in atheistic and moral education." Moscow's worry is revival of Islam.

Note to **Johnny Carson**: Our **George Will** beefcake poster has been delayed. Wassamatter, you're not interested in Irandeal?



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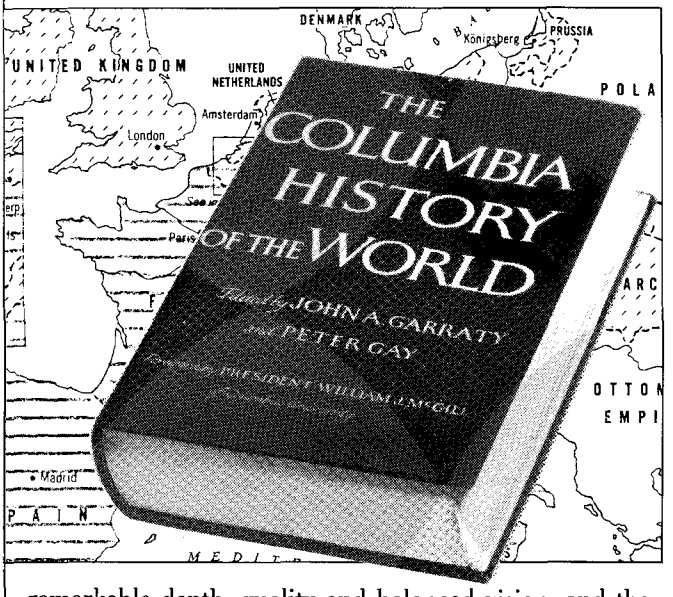


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# THE WEEK

☐ Governor Mario Cuomo has remarked that the Presidency is the most important position "in the universe." And they worried about an *imperial* Presidency.

☐ Resigning, from his hospital bed, as CIA director, William Casey deserves the admiration of his fellow citizens for the way in which he has served this Republic over the years. It would be impossible to do justice in this space to the duties he has performed, from OSS manager of our relations with the French Resistance during World War II, through law, teaching, writing, and public office. He personally was responsible for adding some starch to the 1968 Nixon campaign. Under his rigorous direction, the CIA has recovered much of its capability after the disasters of Church and Colby. Casey's successor, Robert Gates, is a thorough professional. But his appointment was unimaginative, an indication that the Reagan Administration is on political hold. If the Administration had been going for a scoring play, Jeane Kirkpatrick or Henry Kissinger or any one of a dozen others would have been more aggressive and exciting.

☐ Plumping for "clean water," $20 billion of it, plus other tacked-on goodies, Congress voted umpteen to zilch to override the President's veto, and now moves on to serious hand-wringing over the deficit.

☐ SCENES FROM THE POLITICAL LIFE: Here, from a press schedule, is a fortnight in the life of Pete du Pont, would-be President. *February 2:* Luncheon speech, Detroit. *February 4:* National Religious Broadcasters' Prayer Breakfast in Honor of Israel, Washington. *February 5:* Business-leadership breakfast, Arlington; Lincoln Day dinner, DeKalb County, Georgia. *February 7:* Lincoln Day dinner, Archbold, Ohio. *February 8-9:* Fundraising in California. *February 10-11:* Iowa (no explanation necessary). *February 12:* Rotary luncheon, Council Bluffs. Lincoln Day dinner, Chicago. *February 13:* Luncheon speech, Chicago. *February 18:* Breakfast speech, South Shore (Mass.) Chamber of Commerce. *February 19:* New Hampshire (see Iowa, above). *February 20:* Lincoln Day dinner, Beverly, Mass. *February 26:* Luncheon speech, Palm Beach. . . . And du Pont is at the back of the pack. Just think what the front-runners are doing.

☐ The West German elections were, as expected, a solid victory for the ruling Center-Right coalition, although the dominant party, Helmut Kohl's Christian Democrats, dropped from 48.8 per cent—its share of the popular vote in 1983—to 44.3 per cent. Most of the defectors went to the Free Democrats, the Christian Democrats' junior partners, who rose from 7 per cent to 9.1 per cent. Spin doctors were eager to attribute this to the Free Democrats' squishy, Ostpolitik foreign policy. But if voters vote their pocketbooks, the real reason was supply-side economics. The Free Democrats have been beating the drums for tax cuts, which Kohl has resisted. German voters have their eyes on the wedge, as well as the Fulda Gap.

☐ The good news is that Castro's regime is in deeper economic trouble than it usually is. The better news is that the USSR, which subsidizes his regime to the tune of $10 million per day, cannot afford to bail him out. In major speeches in recent weeks, Castro imposed severe austerity measures, such as a 50 per cent increase in the cost of electricity and public transportation, and evening brownouts. The natives, stimulated by Radio Martí—which objective estimates rate as "effective"—are restless. Castro cannot meet the interest payments on Cuba's $4-billion debt to its international creditors. Castro's lengthy harangues to the public are meeting with apathy and derision. The end of another socialist "experiment," though the police remain in control. But all of this will have implications for Latin American politics.

## Abstinence as an Option

Those old men on the back porch who
  Begin no more beguines,
Yet counsel young men not to do
  What they did in their teens,
Forget, as bedroom ardor slides
  And memories turn vague,
How concupiscence overrides
  Quake, fire, flood, and plague.

W. H. VON DREELE



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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DURING THE preparation of the State of the Union message, two opposing camps vied for the President's nod. The first, led by Chief of Staff Don Regan and his aide Dennis Thomas, enlisted Bill Bennett and Bill Brock, Secretaries of Education and Labor respectively, to take part in White House drafting sessions and come up with initiatives on education, welfare, industrial competition, worker retraining, etc. The second, led by veteran speechwriter Ken Khachigian and longtime California Reagan friend and counselor Stu Spencer, advocated classic, soft-core Reagan rhetoric. Khachigian/Spencer got the Reagans' (Nancy's too) go-ahead. Thus, Mr. Reagan glossed over the concrete with the desultory "I will be sending the Congress a complete series of special messages—on budget reform, welfare reform, competitiveness, including education, trade, worker training and assistance, agriculture, and other subjects." In the wake of Iran and the loss of the Senate, the speech, though well written and vintage Reagan, sounded dated and etiolated. The message seemed to have been constructed on a gravely mistaken assumption: that blue-sky prose could galvanize a nation put off by the Iran affair.

The Republican Party is beginning to pick up the pieces after its crushing Senate losses in November. At the Republican National Committee (RNC), high-level officers are now advocating changes in both the method and the message of the party. Former General Chairman Paul Laxalt blasted the misuse of money for high-tech tactics. "We've got too much money and too many political operatives," Laxalt told the RNC. "We've got far too few volunteers and far too little enthusiasm."

RNC Chairman Frank Fahrenkopf has been urging that Republicans bust up the Democrats' monopoly on compassion. "We can be both the party of responsibility and the party of compassion," he told the committee. "Compassion is a word we should never be afraid to use. Despite what the Democrats think, compassion does not belong just to them." The weakened state of the Presidency will doubtless incline establishment Republican sentiment in Fahrenkopf's direction.

Washington insiders are predicting the launch of two more Democratic presidential candidates in the very near term, New York Governor Mario Cuomo and Georgia Senator Sam Nunn. Both are expected to announce water-testing exploratory committees shortly. Cuomo's actions are apparently being spurred by the threat of a presidential candidacy by another Northeastern governor, Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts. The heat is on Cuomo to pre-empt that important voting bloc. As for Sam, NONE BUT NUNN bumper stickers are being seen in Washington, verifying what everyone knows, viz., Sam likes his current place in the Iran media sun, and wants the sunshine to continue.

After years of being conjured up by Democrats as a much-loved but hazy icon, John F. Kennedy has suddenly come into liberal vogue for his ideology. The Right, of course, has openly trumpeted its affinities with Kennedy policy (when it suits its purposes). The explanation for the resurrection of Kennedy by Democrats lies in the surge of neoliberal and neoconservative politics. JFK has come to symbolize a middle-of-the-road political stance, and as more Democrats come to understand that Americans hanker for a "neo" candidate, Kennedy's name will be increasingly invoked. After years of McGovernism and Carterism, the Left is rediscovering our 35th President.

Mikhail Gorbachev is throwing inside-the-Beltwayers for a loop. The first question he had them pondering was whether his "reforms," ranging from the release of dissidents to calling for secret-ballot elections, were real or propaganda gimmicks. A more serious problem is arising now, however. Even if Gorby's moves are merely for PR ends, they are certain to alter American perceptions of the Soviet Union and, hence, the reaction of legislators here. The hardest chore in the upcoming months is going to be to keep Congress and the State Department from having their heads turned by Gorbachev's showing of ankle. Perhaps the best way, as some conservatives are realizing, is to acknowledge the authenticity of the reforms but understand them as efforts to make a brittle, dated Communism more efficient and durable. The reforms, however authentic, do not mean any change whatever in Gorbachev's commitment to Communist beliefs, values, and essential power structures. Another question is: Will the U.S. be prepared to cope with Soviet modernization? That issue ought to have been raised in the State of the Union message. —CATO

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☐ It is nowhere near Soviet-lake status, and God willing it never will be, but bad things are happening in the Pacific. The turning point, perhaps, came seven years ago when the former Anglo-French condominium of the New Hebrides was given its independence. The two contenders for power were an Anglophone Anglican socialist and a French-speaking—of all things—libertarian. The socialist won out. Since then, America has folded up its trusteeships; the Soviets have pressed for diplomatic relations with all the new micro-states; there is talk of a nuclear-free zone. The latest pressure point is the French overseas department of New Caledonia, whose Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (which is as bad as it sounds) has had its cause taken up by New Caledonia's neighbors, including Australia and New Zealand. It's been worse, a lot worse: 44 years ago, Japan's writ ran from Singapore to Kamchatka, Earl Warren was locking up Nisei, and the Australians were prepared to fall back to Brisbane. It cost thousands of lives to win the ocean back, but we did it. We must not, through inattention and anti-colonialist sentimentality, let it slip away again.

☐ Impromptu remarks by Irving Kristol at a recent conference of the Committee for the Free World.



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"It's interesting that religious toleration is an issue we almost never raise—certainly never raise forcefully—at meetings with Soviet leaders. Instead, what do we say? We say, Why do you put critics of your system in prison? That's absurd. Of course they put critics of their system in prison. But they are not unique in that respect. After all, many of our allies put critics of their regime in prison, and we have to live with that fact. The importance of religious toleration is that Communist countries are unique in putting people who practice non-Marxist-Leninist religion in prison. Now, they know what they are doing. They are not fools. The Marxist-Leninist religion in the Soviet Union cannot survive even unfree competition with other religions, whether it be Judaism, Christianity, or Islam, or the Bahai for that matter. To raise the issue of religious freedom is to strike at the heart of the Soviet system. It is not a peripheral issue. It is an absolutely central issue. It is *the* human right so far as the Soviet system is concerned, and that is the one we should be pressing." A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, as they say in non-Marxist-Leninist religions.

☐ Dartmouth offered something new at registration this semester: free brochures and sex kits, including condoms, lubricants, and "rubber dams." The college's health service also gives out free condoms and "morning-after" pills (not yet approved by the FDA, by the way). And for those who like a lighter approach to sex education, there's a "Contraception-Control Road Show," which goes around the dorms instructing the troops in techniques of intercourse, buggery, mutual masturbation, fellatio, and variations like "water sports," "fisting," and "rimming." Of course none of this in any way implies that the college endorses or condones any of these practices. Don't believe any of the awful things you read about the Ivy League in *God and Man at Yale.*

☐ Dr. Bernard Nathanson has produced a sequel to *The Silent Scream*, this one titled *Eclipse of Reason.* It shows an abortion—not a mere sonogram, as in *Scream*, but a gory closeup of a child being torn apart at about the midpoint of gestation. We haven't seen it, but it reportedly shows, for example, the child's crushed and severed head with brains spilling out. Whatever one thinks of the ethics of filming such a thing, it's drawing interesting reactions. The columnist Ellen Goodman complains, "Dr. Nathanson does not reason; he manipulates." (He doesn't show it from the woman's point of view, she observes.) *Newsweek* objects that "the real danger is that by its deliberate appeal to extreme reaction, the film could promote just the 'eclipse of reason' it deplores." So *that's* the real danger. The progressive mindset is hard to fathom. First it insists that opposition to abortion is purely "religious," theological, metaphysical. Then it rules that factual, concrete color movies are inadmissible evidence.

☐ Coleman Young, the mayor of Detroit, admitted he didn't have a fishing license when he netted a beautiful 18-pound king salmon in Michigan waters. "Nope," said he. "Never had. Don't believe in them." A wonderfully sensible attitude, notwithstanding some local carping about the incident.

☐ When are we going to do something about Crow Jim—that is, reverse discrimination?

## Aquino Time

AFTER FERDINAND MARCOS won the King Constantine Award for bungled coups, complete with Imelda buying dozens of jungle fatigue outfits for activity in the bush, Corazon Aquino won an overwhelming endorsement in a plebiscite on a new constitution, 24,000 words in length, which no human being we can reach has ever read. Yes, she's popular.

Now let's get serious. The fanatical New People's Army has some 23,000 determined fighters in the field. Supporting them are about a million members of the National Democratic Front. This Communist movement acts upon a coordinated military, political, and economic strategy, not only fighting but promising land redistribution, education, an end to corruption, etc.

The Philippine regular army, riddled with incompetence, poses no immediate threat to the communists and, perhaps, no long-term threat. Much of the politicized military leadership opposes Mrs. Aquino, who, moreover, and despite her popularity, is backed by no organized party.

Buckle your seatbelts. We're in for a rough ride.

## The Peace (Death) Movement

DURING THE first three years of Communist peace in Indochina, more people died than in 13 years of war. The Peace Movement helped mightily to achieve that result. Many of these millions of Indochinese were arbitrarily executed. Many others drowned in the South China Sea. To say the least, the promised peasant utopias did not emerge. Where have all the flowers gone?

And now we have Nicaragua, the latest focus of Peaceful feelings. Although the Contras fight valiantly, Nicaragua is being consolidated with more than a billion dollars in Soviet weapons and thousands of advisors as a lever to destabilize this continent. Obviously, the deep-water ports now being constructed



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in Nicaragua will be the new Cam Ranh Bays, homes away from home for the Soviet navy. Anyone who thinks that this is "defensive" must believe in the tooth fairy. In 1938, FDR, whatever his failings, had the rudimentary common sense to realize that Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan were not involved in establishing "solidarity" and "justice" and "brotherhood."

Hendrik Hertzberg has written in *The New Republic* that we lost the Vietnam War because we elected not to do what was necessary to win it, i.e., destroy the capacity of North Vietnam to wage warfare. We could have sent the B-52s over the dikes and over Hanoi-Haiphong, and within 48 hours the war would have been over. Instead, like Bartleby the Scrivener, we "preferred not to." Hertzberg argues that "conscience" prevented us from such "genocide."

But you do not have an attack of conscience when you are facing a Panzer division. If you can possibly do so, you obliterate the Panzer division. North Vietnam, like Nazi Germany, amounted to an entire society mobilized for the purpose of warfare: the nation as a Panzer division.

Clear thinking would have won the Vietnam War over any given weekend.

Nicaragua is crystallizing, right now, as a Panzer division.

Public opinion, as usual, is confused—and is always bored by Latin American matters anyway. Congress is Congress. But the President should meditate on the clear and unsentimental perceptions of FDR.

The Peace Movement, in its deepest impulses, was always the Death Movement, its flowers nightshade.

This time, in Nicaragua, do it right: the vise of guerrilla war and diplomacy, as Max Singer suggested ("Can the Contras Win?" *NR*, Feb. 13). If that fails, then whatever it takes.

## Happy Days Are Here Again

PANICKY REPUBLICANS may be abandoning their principles and reaching for the compassion button, but there is no need to worry: Confident Democrats are emerging from the closet, shouting, "Let McGovern be McGovern!"

This was the message of a meeting of Democratic state chairmen in Austin last week. "The 1986 elections did a lot to end self-doubt," said Rick Wiener, chairman of the Association of Democratic State Chairmen. National Committee Chairman Paul Kirk denied that the Democrats had become a "me-too" party. Jim Hightower, Texas's cornball Commissioner of Agriculture, scorned the notion of nominating a moderate—"George Bush with chest hair"—and delegates whooped and cheered. DEMOCRATS URGED TO AVOID CENTER, was the *New York Times*'s headline.

Is anyone out there surprised? American political parties do abandon long-held positions, but the process typically takes several political generations. It took that long, after all, for the Democrats to extrude their right-leaning constituencies. The exodus of ethnic blue-collar voters has taken twenty years; white Southerners have been leaving for forty. Large numbers of both groups still vote Democratic, of course, but their roles in the party's leadership have disappeared. It is unlikely that there will ever again be powerful Democrats of the stamp of Richard Daley or George Wallace (both of them, indeed, generally reviled); inconceivable that there would be pols like Jim Farley, Harry Byrd, Scoop Jackson, or Lyndon Johnson.

The only source of intellectual or institutional pressure in the party is the Left. The tug to port pulls at everyone, even moderates and former moderates. Thus John Glenn, astronaut and war hero, found himself two years ago apologizing for the phrase "man and wife" before an audience of feminists. Thus Walter Mondale, who began his career harrying the supporters of Henry Wallace in Minnesota, ended it with the blessing of George McGovern, who had begun *his* career in Wallace's Progressive Party. It is the call of the wild. The Democrats see the nightmare of Reaganism lifting; in its heart, America yearns for them, and in their hearts, they yearn for taxes, quotas, arms-talk victories, freedom-fighter defeats . . .

The Republicans may yet carry forty-odd states next year (no thanks to themselves).

### Charge It to Medicare

Teddy's eyes have sparkle,
  Teddy's step has bounce,
Since his Senate colleagues
  Threatened to announce
Major legislation
  Tailored to defray
Medical expenses
  Straight through Judgment Day.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Abolish the Minimum Wage

ON JANUARY 1, 1981, the minimum wage increased to $3.35 an hour. In his election debate with Jimmy Carter, Reagan had highlighted the minimum wage's harmful effects; as President, he fought off any further increases. His Administration didn't manage to abolish the minimum wage, but at least he prevented it from rising.

This was no small accomplishment. As any economist knows, increasing the minimum wage threatens the jobs of the least skilled workers: Many of them



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# SDI Watch

In a recent press conference, Senators Bennett Johnston (D., La.) and William Proxmire (D., Wis.) discussed the possibilities for deployment of defenses against nuclear attack in the 1990s. Senator Proxmire called attention particularly to the importance of the "Nitze Criterion"—a proposal by Paul Nitze that deployment of a missile-defense system should not occur until the cost ratio at the margin is favorable to the U.S. defense.

Cost ratio at the margin spells CRAM. The CRAM tells us how many additional dollars the Soviets will have to spend on countering our defense for every dollar we spend on strengthening it. If the CRAM is much larger than 1.0, the Soviets will find it very expensive—perhaps prohibitively expensive—to try to overwhelm the U.S. by a buildup of their offensive forces. If the CRAM is much smaller than 1.0, the U.S. defense may not be worth building. The CRAM is a key quantity for discussions of missile defense.

A good estimate of the CRAM can be made on the basis of some figures that have become available in the last year. The figures refer to the heat-seeking "kinetic energy" weapons that would go into a defense for the 1990s. Kinetic-energy weapons destroy their ICBMs by sensing the heat they emit, and then zeroing in on the rockets and colliding with them at high speeds.

When the kinetic-energy weapons are based in space, on satellites orbiting over the Soviet Union, they are called space-based kinetic kill vehicles, or SBKKVs. The SBKKVs being developed for the U.S. defense in space are upgraded versions of the small heat-seeking missiles manufactured by the thousands for air defense, which cost in the neighborhood of $200,000 each. Three different contractors and the Department of Defense have taken a look at the problem of developing heat-seeking missiles of this kind for a space-based defense against Soviet ICBMs. They have concluded that the cost of the missile itself would be $1.5 million.

However, that is not the bottom line, because each SBKKV sits on a satellite that is also costly. The SBKKV's allocated share of the cost of its satellite, plus the cost of getting everything into orbit, is another $1.5 million each—$3 million in all.

Then, there is another $1.5 million for operating and maintaining the space-based system over ten years. That brings the total cost, direct and indirect, of one SBKKV to $6 million for a ten-year life span. Other satellites, carrying instruments to find and track the Soviet ICBMs and hand this information over to the SBKKVs' satellites, add to the cost, but most of the bill comes from the SBKKVs.

Going to the other side of the CRAM, what is the cost to the Soviet Union of countering this defense? SS-18s run about $200 million each, so if a U.S. heat-seeking missile costing $6 million shoots down an SS-18 costing $200 million, the CRAM is $200 million divided by $6 million, or roughly 30 to 1 in favor of the United States. That is an excellent defense.

But the situation is not as good as that. Many SBKKVs will be far from the borders of the USSR at any given moment, because they are on satellites whose orbits have carried them to other parts of the globe. If the attack starts at that moment, these SBKKVs cannot take part in the battle because they are out of range. How many are out of range?

If we load up a computer with the locations of the Soviet missile fields, and with all the details on the orbits of the satellites carrying the SBKKVs, and let the computer crunch away at these numbers, it works out that roughly one SBKKV in ten will be within range of the Soviet missile fields at any given moment, and nine out of ten will be somewhere else on the globe. This raises the effective cost of destroying an SS-18 to ten times $6 million, or $60 million.

There is one more item of bad news before we get to the final CRAM: Not every SBKKV close enough to take part in a battle succeeds in intercepting and destroying its target. On the average, the Soviet ICBMs move nearly as fast as the heat-seeking SBKKVs that are chasing them, and some ICBMs will get away. It is possible to calculate how many will escape by performing a professional version of a video game, in which a computer program follows the motion of every ICBM upward from its silo, and every SBKKV in its orbit, and keeps score on the kills. For the kinds of defenses under discussion right now, the video-game computation tells us that about one-quarter of the ICBMs will escape. That raises the effective cost of killing one Soviet ICBM to $\frac{4}{3} \times \$60$ million, or $80 million.

The final CRAM, then, is $200 million/$80 million, or 2.5:1 in favor of the U.S. defense. For the space-based defense that could be deployed in the 1990s against the major threat in that period—the large, expensive ten-warhead SS-18s and SS-24s—the CRAM looks good. The Nitze Criterion is satisfied.



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produce so little they can't be profitably employed at a higher wage. Even President Carter's Minimum Wage Study Commission reported that every 10 per cent increase in the minimum wage causes a 1 to 2.5 per cent decline in teenage jobs. Simply by not increasing the minimum wage, Reagan "created" 130,000 to 300,000 teenage jobs.

But now this accomplishment is under attack. Senator Kennedy, chairman of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, recently announced his committee's desire to raise the minimum wage. When Kennedy asked Labor Secretary Brock what his position was, he refused to take one. According to Brock the Administration hadn't made up its mind.

This is one issue on which Reagan's head and heart should lead in the same direction. Don't raise the minimum wage. If anything, abolish it.

## Tango with Tambo

SECRETARY OF STATE George Shultz granted a private audience and a public photo opportunity to Oliver Tambo the other day, thereby awarding a measure of legitimacy, prestige, and power to an organization it would be pedantically polite to call crypto-Communist. Thanks to a recent amendment to its by-laws, the African National Congress can now have non-blacks on its thirty-man executive committee. It has added five, all Communists. At least ten of the other members are thought to be Communists too.

The *New York Times* and *Washington Post* applauded the Administration for extending "constructive engagement" to the ANC: "Dialogue" may lead to a "negotiated settlement." Shultz justified the meeting by pointing out that he had urged Tambo to renounce violence. At a press conference immediately afterward, Tambo wouldn't even renounce necklacing.

Tambo's goal was not only to secure "dialogue" for the ANC but to close it off for other groups. He wants to isolate the Zulu chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, whom he calls "the principal spokesman for apartheid in South Africa," but Buthelezi's constituency happens to be about one-fourth of South Africa's blacks, who elected him their essentially tribal leader. No one ever voted for Tambo.

So the Administration is strengthening a pro-Moscow faction vis-à-vis a pro-Western faction. This is the *Reagan* Administration, the one that opposes "dealing with terrorists," about which nobody has been sterner than Shultz.

The State Department views the U.S. as in "competition" with the Soviet Union, rather than threatened by it. But you aren't "competing" with someone unless you both have the same goal, and Moscow's goal is not just to dish the West in South Africa but to destroy the West. The U.S. isn't going to have representatives, not even black ones, seated on the ANC's executive committee. Moscow is already represented. Neville Shultz.

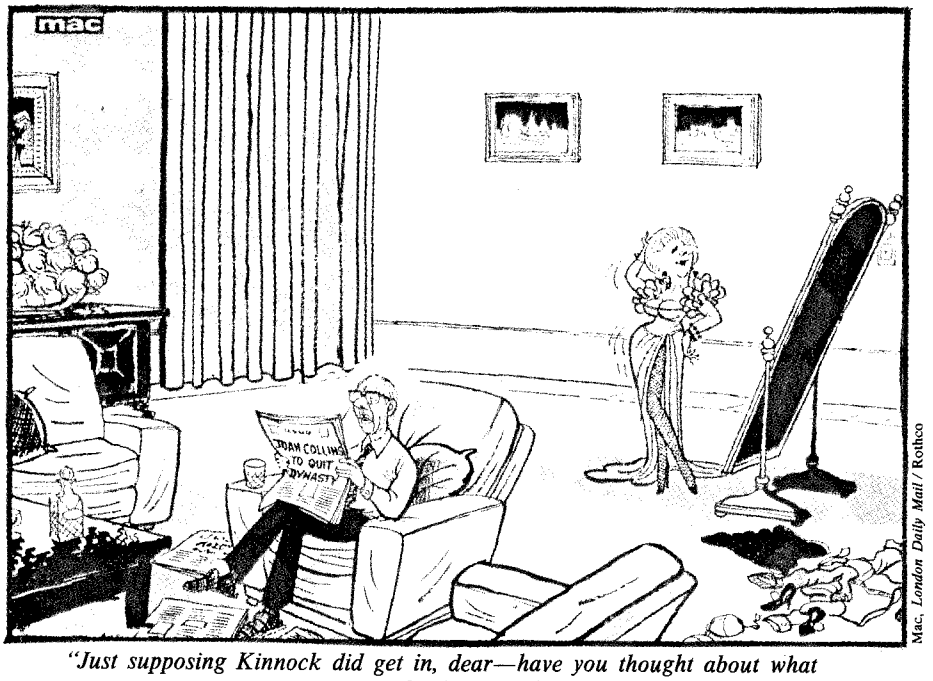
## Hostage to Hostages

WITH THE MOST recent kidnapping of Americans in Beirut, the time has come to make some distinctions.

For 12 years, all the multitudinous religious and ethnic groups of Lebanon have been at each other's throats. Perhaps the most civilized of the lot are the Christians, many of them Eastern-rite Catholics, though they are not above the occasional gangland rubout. Then there are Moslems, both Sunnis and Shiites. In the Chouf mountains, finally, live the Druses, who believe that the sixth Fatimite caliph (d. 1021) was God. To aid themselves in their battles, these groups have made a shifting series of alliances with Syrians, Iranians, Israelis, the PLO, and each other.

The situation, in other words, is as complicated and as bloody as the business affairs of Al Capone, and an American who at this point chooses to remain in the middle is asking for it.

These kidnappings are qualitatively different from previous terrorist acts. When the Iranians overran the American Embassy and held half a hundred Americans prisoner, that was an act of war. When hijackers beat Robert Stethem to death and threw the crippled




Mac, *London Daily Mail* / Rothco

*"Just supposing Kinnock did get in, dear—have you thought about what you might do instead?"*



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Leon Klinghoffer overboard, those were also small-scale acts of war. About the only criticism to make of the retaliatory bombing of Libya was that it didn't get the colonel himself.

Perhaps some way can be found to carry out an exemplary punishment of the Islamic Holy War, or the Party of God Knows What, or whoever is responsible. If so, then the Administration should do it. But that won't "solve" the Lebanese problem. All the Americans left in Beirut should get out now.

## The Dollar: Should We Worry?

**Q:** How far has the dollar fallen?
**A:** Since September 1985, the dollar has declined about 36 per cent against the West German mark and the Japanese yen.
**Q:** Why has the dollar fallen?
**A:** For the same reason any price falls—either the demand fell or the supply increased. There are various possible reasons for a decline in demand. The market may expect renewed U.S. inflation. Or the cause could have been Treasury Secretary Baker's making clear that the United States will not intervene to support the dollar.
**Q:** Is the dollar's decline a Bad Thing?
**A:** Not in itself. The decline in the dollar could have been caused by factors that would be bad for the U.S., such as a decline in demand for our exports or higher inflation in the future. But given those factors, the price of the dollar has adjusted so that everyone who wants to buy dollars at the current price can do so, and everyone who wants to sell can do so also. Therefore, the decline in the dollar served a useful function.
**Q:** Will the dollar's decline help our trade deficit?
**A:** Depends on what you mean by "help." The question assumes there's something wrong with a trade deficit. But we show by our willingness to give dollars to foreigners in exchange for goods that we prefer the latter to the former.
**Q:** But foreigners won't hold our dollars forever. Sooner or later, they'll use them to buy our goods, our services, or our assets. Shouldn't this worry us?
**A:** Why? Why is it good to sell our goods to foreigners now, but bad to sell them later? And Americans who sell their services or their assets feel they are better off getting dollars in return, or they wouldn't do it.
**Q:** But aren't Federal Government bonds one of the main assets being bought by foreigners?
**A:** Yes. But if we let foreigners help finance the national debt, we reduce slightly the interest we have to pay on that debt. Preventing foreigners from buying government bonds would do nothing to reduce our national debt, but would increase our cost of servicing the debt.
**Q:** We're getting further from the point. Let me rephrase my earlier question: Will the dollar's decline reduce our trade deficit?
**A:** By making our exports cheaper and our imports more expensive, the dollar's decline will reduce our trade deficit somewhat. But as long as our economy continues to grow and the economies of many of our trading partners stagnate, our demand for imports will rise, and their demand for our exports will stagnate.
**Q:** So you're saying I shouldn't worry about the dollar's decline?
**A:** Not quite. As I said, the dollar's decline could be a signal that something bad will happen. Just as falling barometers signal approaching storms, the falling dollar could signal bad economic news ahead. But no sensible person would try to prepare for a storm by tinkering with the barometer.

## Arms Control and SDI

THE TERM "arms control" has become a sort of mantra. If you repeat it often enough, you begin to feel better; and the mantra is so powerful, no politician dares to say flat out that he opposes "arms control."

The whole effect of the mantra is spoiled, of course, if you reflect upon the fact that after decades of "arms control" negotiations we are precisely where we are, that is to say, *here*: a circumstance the "arms control" people find threatening and intolerable.

And so we now return to Geneva for another round of "arms control" negotiations, with the Reagan Administration presumed to be in a weakened condition owing to the Iran affair. The Soviet Union has orchestrated an enormous PR campaign designed to put pressure on the U.S. position. All-expenses-paid junkets for American businessmen, clergy, politicians, scholars, and housewives have been arranged, and Soviet diplomats around the world have been saying that Gorbachev would dearly love to cut a deal.

But give reality a chance. No "arms control" deal in the offing will at all reduce the threat of annihilation posed by offensive nuclear weapons. Cutting their number by half will not reduce the threat. Cutting it by three-fourths will not reduce the threat.

The threat of annihilation is the principal lever of Soviet international politics, most importantly in Western Europe, at which Khrushchev first rattled his rockets in 1956. The Soviets are not and will not be willing to negotiate that threat away.

What they do seriously desire is the death of SDI, which should be defined as *real* arms control. As the Soviets clear-headedly see, SDI is the threat to their threat, a way of reducing the *political* leverage of the threat of annihilation.

This is what the Geneva "arms control" talks will be all about. Indeed, our negotiators and theirs have



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already set up a working group on the question, What kind of SDI research is permitted under the ABM Treaty? (Certain answer: Nothing of use to us.) The propaganda barrage will be immense. The Soviets will present themselves as "flexible." Gorbachev will come up with a superficially spectacular proposal. The State Department will spring its usual leaks. Hold your breath.

## Safe Sex

A FEW WEEKS ago, Surgeon General C. Everett Koop drew conservative fire for proposing to fight AIDS by means of what is sometimes called "value-free sex education." They just don't come any more conservative than Dr. Koop, and it was shocking to hear him—as distinct from, say, Mary Calderone—proposing that pre-teens be instructed in details of anal intercourse and the use of condoms.

Enter Secretary of Education William Bennett, with a speech denouncing current sex-education courses as ineffective and even destructive. This was widely construed as an indirect rebuke of Koop, until the two men released a joint statement saying that "an AIDS education that accepts children's sexual activity as inevitable and focuses only on 'safe sex' will be at best ineffectual, at worst itself a cause of serious harm. . . . Young people should be taught that the best precaution is abstinence until it is possible to establish a mutually faithful monogamous relationship."

Any "value-free" discussion of technique can only condone its subject. Liberals wouldn't sit still for a value-free discussion of safe methods of cross-burning, no matter how vehemently the expert practitioners insisted they weren't advocating the exercise of the cross-burning option. ("In a free, pluralistic society, where the First Amendment guarantees the right to express unpopular ideas, it is inevitable that some will choose to burn crosses, no matter what the law says. Our sole concern is to see to it that those who make this choice will do so in a manner that minimizes harm to themselves and to society at large . . .")

Teaching the dangers of illicit sexual activity without mentioning that it *is* illicit amounts to an exercise in circle-squaring. Prudential concerns may reinforce morality, but they are no substitute for it. The message kids need to hear is not just that casual sex may be "unsafe," but that they'll be held responsible for whatever they do to themselves and others. Crude? Yes. So are the ABCs, at first. But elementary things are stepping stones to more refined perceptions that can come later. Norms are what civilization is about.

### George Bush Charges On

Not since Lord Cardigan
  Galloped through shot and shell
Has a Vice President
  Handled himself so well,
Though all around, as
  His Lordship could certify,
Outriders melt away
  Like snowmen in July.

W. H. VON DREELE

# NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Bill:

The damnedest thing happened the other day. I received from Hertz a package wrapped in platinum paper. When I opened it, there was the most beautiful leather Cartier wallet. But wait—there's more. In the wallet were ninety one-hundred-dollar bills, plus a Hertz Platinum service card. I assume you got the same. It's a great club we belong to, particularly since it's so rare that we rent cars.

See you in the Hertz Club men's bar one of these days.

Cheers,
Art [Buchwald]
Washington, D.C.

Dear Art: I wouldn't be proud of those ninety one-hundred-dollar bills. That means Hertz thinks you're for sale. I got the wallet and the platinum card, but no bills. They know I'm not for sale. They know I'm a conservative, and you're—Let's go somewhere one of these days in a Hertz. Shall we use your card or your cash? Cordially,
Bill

☐ Dear Bill:

Having read Terry Teachout's review of my film *The Conservatives*, I feel like the guy who, having got off what he thought was a great wisecrack, is now obliged to explain the joke. We went to some lengths to contrive the old-fashioned, pre-video look for our stroll down memory lane. While most critics appreciated the visual witticism ("Masterfully produced"—UPI; "a solid lesson in political history"—*New York Times*; "exceptionally well done"—Media General; "balanced and judicious"—*Dallas News*; "the most important documentary of the year"—Copley News Service), if it escaped Mr. Teachout's discerning eye, we may have been too clever by half. I hope you can make the point that, whatever their aesthetic sensibilities, conservatives will enjoy the hell out of the film.

All the best, as ever,

Neal [B. Freeman]
Washington, D.C.



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Spencer, *Punch* / Rothco

*"If anyone wants me, I'll be in my office trumping up charges."*

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Three cheers for Mr. Baumgartner for taking the time ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 21] to express his anger at your vandalizing of the front of our favorite magazine by attaching a mailing label thereon, usually in a most inappropriate spot. I too am a longtime subscriber, having signed up after your memorable TV laceration of Gore Vidal (was it 25 years ago?) and have carefully saved every issue since.

Usually your logic is mind-boggling, but your answer to Mr. B. appears not to be up to par. You seem to infer that the Postal Service affixes those labels (how come your printer doesn't do it?) and say that there is nothing you can do about it "except to place it elsewhere." That seems to be what Mr. B. suggested, preferably on the back cover. Would that "tedious negotiation" you mention as a bar to such action involve a deal with the advertiser who buys the back cover? Perish the thought!! Certainly you wouldn't let monetary considerations mar the aesthetics of our pride and joy.

Would it be too simplistic to suggest that this whole problem might be solved by resorting to a label that could be easily peeled off, such as (forgive me!) the IRS uses on their tax forms? Surely in this day of enlightenment some supplier must have the solution to this sticky problem.

Finally, you should know that, in order to get my two cents' worth in on this momentous matter, I have blown a lifetime (three score and ten plus) record of not having written to "the editor" on any subject. I know!!, I know!! So please be cognizant of the enormity of this problem and do something, dammit!!

Sincerely,
Edward C. Steele
Meriden, Conn.

Dear Mr. Steele: Dammit, we have tried, dammit. The distributors will not tolerate a label on the back cover. However, please note that the last two issues (yes, I know: the latest two issues) have lifted the section where the artwork begins to permit the label to squat under the artistic action. You like? I hope so. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While browsing, as old coots do, through your edition of December 19, 1986, seeking random enlightenment, I came upon your discussion with Charles O'Halloran of Clann Fearghaile on the appropriate feminine form of "old coot" to designate the wife of this type of benign, well-seasoned gentleman. Mr. O'Halloran was undecided between "cootess" or, preferably, "cootesse." (You seemed to think "cootesse" more elegant. Then why not "cootessa"? Aren't the Italians just as elegant as the French?)

However, disregarding the international aspects of the question, I think that your choice of "cootess," while probably correct, did not go far enough. "Cootrix" is not acceptable because the suffix *-trix*, which comes from the Latin, is reserved to form the feminine nominative singular of Latin third-declension masculine nouns ending in *-or*. This breed of noun designates a *doer* of deeds, e.g., executor (feminine, executrix), progenitor (progenitrix), administrator (administratrix), bellator (bellatrix), and coadjutor. (Some churches have Bishops Coadjutrices.)

Latin has no word "cootor." We old coots are not always great doers.

In any case, why this preoccupation with the feminine form of "coot" for the coot's wife? I'd bet my grandfather's shillelagh that the O'Halloran himself, of Clann Fearghaile, prefers the beauty and dignity of "mavourneen."

Sincerely,
Robert A. Ryan
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Ryan: I don't accept the bet. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In case you haven't heard, a four-year-old chestnut colt by the name of Buckley Boy won the Florida Turf Cup Handicap (Grade III, 12 furlongs) at Calder Race Course in Fort Lauderdale. In 17 starts he has won $126,000. But his trainer is convinced the colt could do better if only he would spend more time training, and less time reading all those Blackford Oakes novels.

Sincerely,
Evans Jacobson
San Bernardino, Calif.

Dear Mr. Jacobson: Ho ho ho. Fun-nee. It just so happens that Buckley Boy runs fastest every time he reads my novels. How do I know? He told Dick Francis, and DF told me. Huh. Yrs., **—WFB**



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# THE LIFESTYLE RESOURCE™

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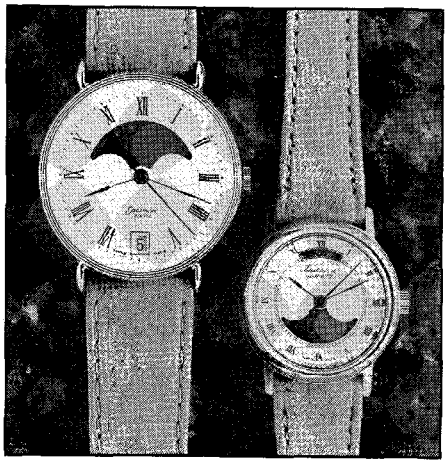

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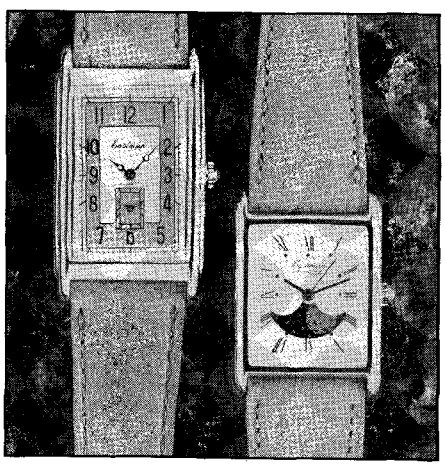

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# DETROIT POWERHOUSE

Ask Washington pols about Representative John Dingell, Democrat from Michigan, and you'll get an earful. An imperious SOB. Power hungry. A blue-collar rep. Tough, but fair. A man of his word.

Since 1955, Dingell has pugnaciously represented Michigan's 16th District, a blue-collar salient in suburban Detroit. Wholly absorbed by the concerns of his auto- and steelworker constituents over the last 31 years, Dingell has moved from a 29-year-old novice taking over his deceased father's seat to chairman of the Energy and Commerce Committee—arguably the most influential committee in the House, making Dingell one of the three most powerful members of that body. His driving personality and his political skill have made enemies of men like Dan Rostenkowski (D., Ill.), chairman of Ways and Means, Henry Waxman (D., Calif.), chairman of Dingell's Health and Environment subcommittee, and Don Bonker (D., Wash.), chairman of the Foreign Affairs subcommittee on International Economic Policy and Trade.

Dingell's chairmanship alone makes him a big deal on the Hill. Depending on the year, Energy and Commerce reviews between 40 and 60 per cent of all House legislation in areas ranging from deregulation, telecommunications, and health to environment, trade, and energy. Dingell makes a point of having his hand in every issue that comes up in this octopus. Indeed, since he began chairing the committee in 1981, Dingell has strong-armed fellow committee members with rules of procedure long forgotten or spurned, giving him nearly total control over the legislation. "If you let me write the procedure, and I let you write the substance," Dingell told the Rules Committee five years ago, "I'll screw you every time."

Dingell's positions on issues are tailored to his blue-collarism. A lifetime member of the National Rifle Association, Dingell opposes all forms of gun control, including prohibitions on private ownership of machine guns: "A guy who has a machine-gun permit," Dingell told me, "is one of the most law-abiding fellows you can find." Although he is a conservationist on issues like wildlife-habitat and federal-park preservation, Dingell opposes clean-air and clean-water measures, plus certain health and safety regulations (like air-bags), measures that he thinks would unduly tax steel and auto manufacturers and, hence, burden workers. Dingell also supports catastrophic-illness coverage (his father sponsored an early national-health-insurance bill) and oil-import fees (helpful to automakers).

Dingell claims to be basically a free-trader, yet he sponsored the Made in America Act, an initiative limiting foreign-auto imports, and backed domestic content, which puts ceilings on American car parts that can be manufactured overseas. Further, Dingell supports retaliation against unfair trade practices abroad, stating, *à propos* of elaborate Japanese inspection procedures, that "turnabout is fair play."

As he heads into the 100th Congress, Dingell is in the catbird seat not only because of his finger-in-every-pie chairmanship but also for his controversial, much-analyzed friendship with the new House Speaker, Jim Wright (D., Tex.). "It's a perfect match," says one Hill insider. "They're both egotistical, and they both share an unrivaled thirst for power." The public first saw the potential in this friendship when Dingell got three allies on environmental questions appointed to his committee. Dingell, who is outspokenly opposed to acid-rain legislation (which would require a reduction in toxic emissions from factories and motor vehicles), filled his three empty committee seats with Jim Cooper (D., Tenn.), Rick Boucher (D., Va.), and Terry Bruce (D., Ill.), all from heavy coal-mining districts and all equally opposed to acid-rain legislation. The key to Dingell's gaining these three placements was—you guessed it—Jim Wright. Odds are now strongly against passage of an acid-rain bill.

The evolving longer-term repercussions of this Wright/Dingell alliance will most strongly hit Representative Dan Rostenkowski, the third member of the House power troika. Hill insiders see the Wright/Dingell friendship partly as a response to the strength Rostenkowski built up through years of being backed by ex-Speaker Tip O'Neill, and as an effort to neutralize the Illinois congressman's power. A weaker Rostenkowski would benefit both Dingell and Wright. Dingell wants more clout on the hot 1987 trade issue and can use Wright's help in getting approval for an international-trade subcommittee in Energy and Commerce. Such a panel would wrest a major part of the trade jurisdiction from Rostenkowski, who currently oversees most trade legislation at Ways and Means. Wright, whose style and objectives differ radically from Rostenkowski's, has been at loggerheads with Rostenkowski ever since the Ways and Means chairman leaped onto the tax-reform bandwagon. Not only did Wright oppose the tax legislation, but he saw Rostenkowski's activity as a move for the Speakership. In his new post, Wright needs the support of a powerhouse like Dingell to establish control of the House. This new Hill friendship won't crush Rostenkowski—he is too clever for that—but his days won't be as halcyon as under O'Neill.

This type of maneuvering is all in a day's work for Dingell. "I'm just a simple Polish lawyer from Michigan," he says with a grin. Oh yeah? If you want to know what this 100th Congress is likely to enact in the days ahead, watch John Dingell. □



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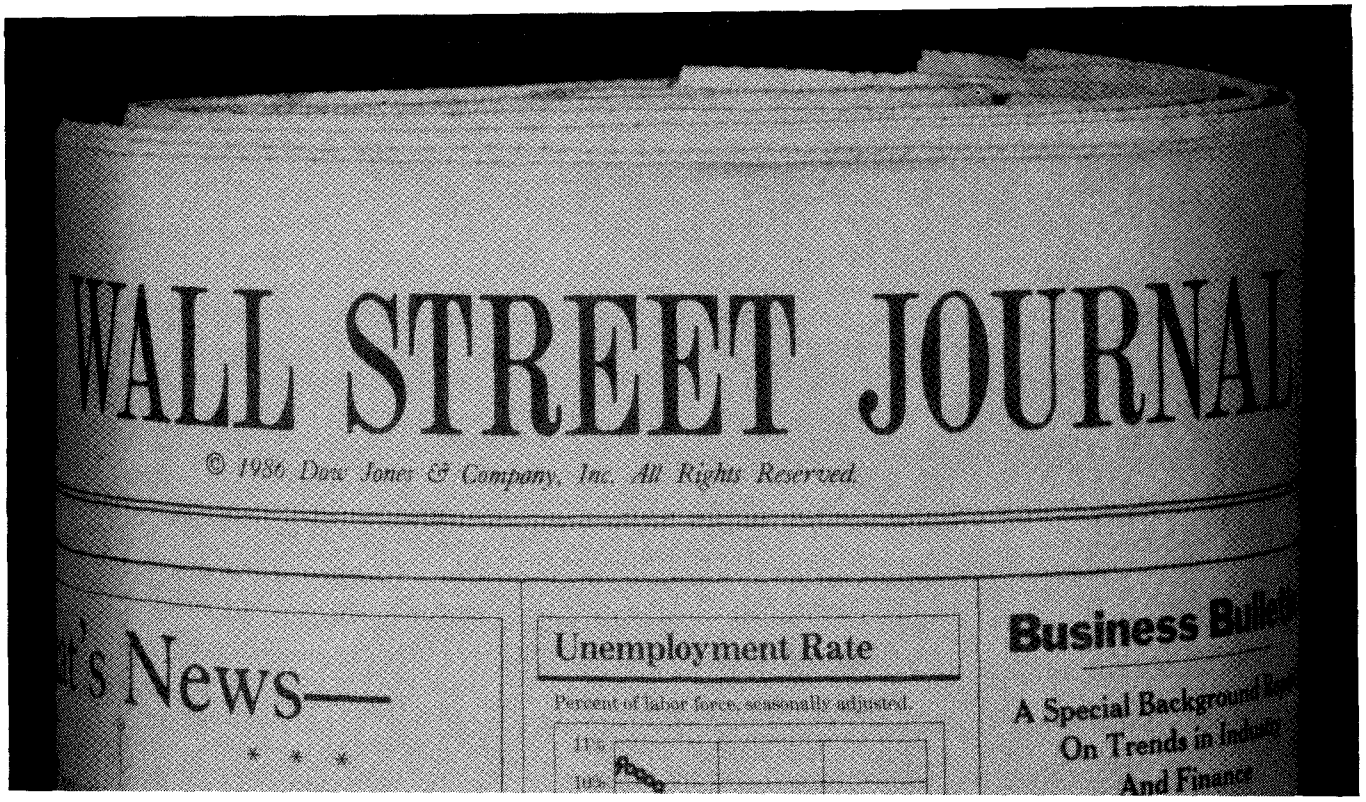


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# THE AFGHAN 'PEACE' PROSPECT

ANYBODY WHO wants to understand what the Soviets and their Kabul puppets are up to in Afghanistan had better remember what happened in Laos 25 years ago.

To start with the Afghan situation, on New Year's Day, the Afghan Communist leader, General Najib (he has dropped the last two syllables of his name, Najibullah), announced a "peace" proposal. He offered a six-month ceasefire and talks with the Mujahedin, with the aim of setting up a government of national unity and reconciliation.

The fine print was less encouraging than the headline material just quoted. First, of course, the guerrillas would also have to stop fighting; and secondly, the "imperialists" (read: the United States and Pakistan, in that order) would have to cease providing arms to the Mujahedin and helping them in various other ways.

And what about the Soviet forces—110,000 or 115,000 or 120,000 troops, according to which newspaper you read on which day? There is talk of a gradual withdrawal over three years or so. On January 15, Najibullah made a further announcement: He had reached full agreement with Moscow for the withdrawal of Soviet forces. But again, the detail of timing was left obscure.

The Najib regime has also offered amnesty for its own deserters to the Mujahedin—a large but unspecified number.

Other stages in what may or may not be a peace process include consultations between the United States and Pakistan, and resumed Afghan-versus-Afghan negotiations in Geneva in February, under United Nations auspices, with Mr. Diego Cordovez as chief conciliator.

Let us see what Kabul's terms would mean in practice, if the freedom-fighters and their American supporters were rash enough to fall for the bait. With no more U.S. arms reaching the Mujahedin, and with the Soviet forces still in the country, Mikhail Gorbachev would have six clear months in which to finish them off. Failing that, the various Mujahedin groups, assuming they could reconcile their own differences, would have six months in which to negotiate participation in a national government. And the Soviet forces would still be there.

Now let us look at the Laos parallel. Obviously the two situations are not identical, but the similarities are striking enough to draw lessons from the resemblance. The Vietnamese Communists invaded Laos in 1953 and set up a puppet regime known as Pathet Lao, initially confined to two northeastern provinces. Nine years later and after 14 months of negotiations in Geneva, agreements on the future of Laos were announced. The agreements provided for the withdrawal of some eight hundred American advisors and proclaimed the status of Laos as "nonaligned." The Vietnamese Communists went on to the end denying that they had any forces in Laos, except possibly one or two who might have strayed across the border by accident.

On the political side, it was agreed that the "three tendencies" of Laotian politics should come together in a government of national unity. The three tendencies were: Communist, anti-Communist, and neutralist. Nikita Khrushchev, still at the height of his power, gave a name to this experiment in power-sharing: He called it the "troika," after the three-horse snow vehicles of Mother Russia.

The Laos agreements of 1962 were primarily a device for getting the U.S. off the hook. The troika didn't last long, and the internal war resumed as though there had been neither talks nor accords. The second Indochina War gained momentum, and the non-Communist tendencies vanished into exile or obscurity. Now look who's in control in Laos.

The differences, however, are no less interesting than the similarities. Mr. Gorbachev is not riding high in Afghanistan. In a speech to the 27th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party last February, the Soviet leader described Afghanistan (with some regard for veracity) as "a bleeding wound." Those commentators who refer to the Afghan war as "Russia's Vietnam" are not that wide of the mark.

It is not difficult to guess the considerations in the Soviet leader's mind. First, the war is increasingly unpopular, and the Soviet press is no longer able to keep news of casualties out, especially in the new phase of *glasnost* ("openness"). Moreover, the continuing Soviet involvement in the war is perceived as an obstacle to negotiations on other topics, such as arms control and "Star Wars," abandonment of.

THE SOVIETS WOULD therefore like to get out, but not at the price of handing over that huge piece of strategic territory to anti-Soviet political forces. So the ploy is to "do a Laos," depriving the anti-Communist guerrillas of their external support, persuading them to lay down their arms, and inviting them to negotiate their own eclipse.

Fortunately, the Mujahedin leaders seem to have seen through the smokescreen.

Before leaving the subject, let us not forget some simple realities. The London *Times* of January 5 carried a memorable headline: "SOVIET BACKING FOR AFGHAN INITIATIVE." Since Foreign Minister Shevardnadze and International Department chief Dobrynin had just been in Afghanistan telling General Najib what to do, anything else would have been mildly surprising. Moscow put Najib (like his three predecessors) where he is, so there is no such thing as an "Afghan initiative." George Will would call it an oxymoron. □



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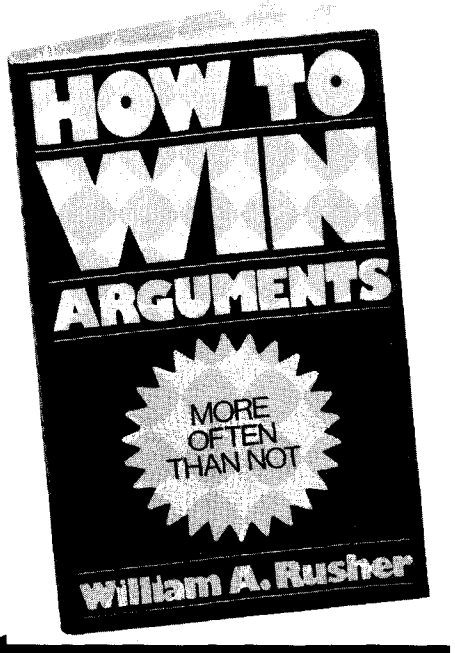


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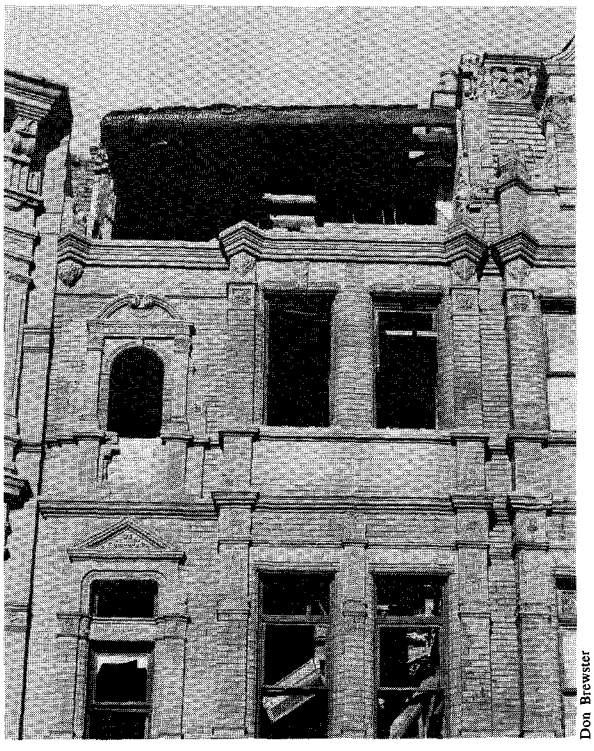
# Scenes from the Squatting Life

Peter Weber



Don Brewster

"As you can see, it needs a little work." Yes, we could see that. For one thing, there was no staircase (it was a seven-story building), and we peered from the first-floor landing up to the sky, through six stories of filth and old beams and swathes of rotted metal that seemed to hang precariously above our heads. It was not dark, because there were huge sections of wall missing, through which we could see the abandoned building next door. To get from the first floor to the second you climb a long, thin ladder from a fire escape that has been propped up against the second-floor landing under all those suspended palm leaves of metal. To get to the upper floors you go to the back and climb (prayerfully) up the tilting fire escape itself. Amidst all the rubble and dirt and holes in the floors were several "apartments" people had cleared out for themselves.

Nobody wanted to hear the word "winter." October is bad enough. When you wake up in the morning, you feel like you never want to get up. The cold air and the dust blow across your face, and you slink deeper under the blankets, or into your sleeping bag if you have one (which means you have money, or did once). There's plenty of fresh air because of the gaps in the walls and the holes in the floor, and of course there are no windows—at most you may have put up some plastic or an old sheet to keep out the wind. To wash up, you go down to the hydrant. For food, there are soup kitchens. For companionship, there are fellow squatters scattered in dozens of similarly gutted buildings nearby, places that, once you've seen them, will make it a lot harder to use the word "uninhabitable" in a sentence.

Why? Well, for one thing it doesn't have to be all that bad. If you play your cards right you can fix up your own "apartment" and start the piecemeal work of patching up the building's biggest holes. If you can make it through the winter you are well on your way; and if you're a serious squatter, not just looking for a place to stay, and if you've got good people, you can call yourself a "homesteader" and hold benefits and work parties. It's amazing what you can do to fix up a building that New York City, which has the tightest rent-control laws and the highest rents, the largest number of homeless people and abandoned buildings of any city in the United States, would otherwise have left to rot. The problem is, some people want to evict you. Now and then the cops and some stern officials may drop by with nasty intentions—but lay a little rhetoric, some righteous indignation, and a bit of old-fashioned physical resistance on them, and they'll probably go away.

Finally, there are people like Jack to help you. For around $200, Jack will hook you up with electricity, stolen from a nearby manhole. He works mostly at night—by day he works for a local electrical contractor—and he'll come by and put lookouts on each corner and go down into the manhole and fix you up, no problem, but make sure you pay him up front. Maybe even flash some bills right away. Jack doesn't want to hear any of this "Oh, we'll have a benefit" stuff.

I had come to New York's Lower East Side because everybody had said, for squatting, that's the place. Like many areas of New York City, the Lower East Side has whole blocks of abandoned buildings now owned by the city and left to deteriorate. Everywhere you see signs claiming the buildings for some local activist group or other. That doesn't mean they own them: They are claiming

*Mr. Weber is a freelance writer living in New York.*



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them on various principles. It wasn't hard to guess at one possible principle. In a city in which rights to a rent-controlled apartment can start a blood feud, the city government has acquired, primarily through tax defaults, roughly ten thousand residential buildings, accounting for more than 120,000 units of housing; 5,717 of these buildings (more than seventy thousand units) are vacant. Another 118,000 units are currently in default and could be taken over at any time.

Squatting has been a big deal in Europe for some time. Since the late 1960s European squatters—most notably in West Germany and the Netherlands—have been occupying both government and privately owned buildings and staging demonstrations to protest chronic housing shortages. In Amsterdam in 1980, after a series of violent squatter riots, crowds went berserk at Queen Beatrix's investiture, smashing windows and throwing stones and chains at the police. On "Black Friday" in West Berlin, at least 15,000 demonstrators attacked shopping districts, marched around naked, assaulted buildings in small bands, and even set the Reichstag on fire. The squatters' movement there is well established, with a predictably left-wing ideology and ties to political movements such as the West German Greens. European squatters are mostly young and radicalized, and one gets the feeling that their squatting is more about politics than real estate. At the bottom of the heap in West Berlin are the "no-future people," dropouts who seem to have no agenda beyond destruction. In London and Amsterdam, squatters occupy private dwellings when the owners are away. You could go on vacation and find strangers in your bed when you return.

Squatting has begun to catch on in the United States. Here as in Europe it has gained a foothold mostly in cities with tightly regulated housing markets, such as New York City and Washington, D.C. In Amsterdam the city owns 75 per cent of the land; in Harlem the city owns 70 per cent of the buildings. There are squatters' organizations in the United States, some clearly inspired by their European cousins, talking homes for the poor out of one side of their mouths and the destruction of capitalism out of the other. So I went down to the Lower East Side to find out whether New York's squatters were just punked-out drug dealers, agents of Godless Communism, or the truly needy. Also, I've been looking for a two-bedroom condo, with eat-in kitchen and lots of light, for months.

After poking around the neighborhood, I walked over to the local soup kitchen, and some friendly people there offered to introduce me to some squatters. I went over with a diminutive woman in khaki who talked in urban-guerrilla tones about squatting and gentrification (the process by which real-estate agents, yuppies, developers, and other obvious war-criminal types convert beat-up, dangerous, but low-rent neighborhoods into trendy upper-middle-class neighborhoods), about atrocities, bombings, attempted assassinations, rogue cops. "It's not gentrification, it's genocide. They learned about it in India: starvation. Starve 'em out. And so they've started using it here." I didn't know what on earth she was talking about, but she was getting me fired up: I was approaching the center of a genuine movement, and was about to meet some of the Oppressed.

Oppressed Number One was a blond kid from down South with six earrings in his left ear and one in his nose. His name was Fish. I looked at the lady in khaki. In all fairness, she had warned me: Some of these people were not from the neighborhood.

Fish's building looked awful from the outside; inside, a bunch of kids were living amidst the filth and decay. They were dressed like punk rockers, but some of them talked like pioneers. It was almost endearing. They were "squatters" in that they were living there illegally, but they had put in "homestead" papers in hopes that the city government would give them title. All the serious squatters want to call themselves "homesteaders," but the term is correctly used only for people who apply to the city, usually through a local organization, to buy one of its buildings at bargain rates and fix it up to move in later. But most homesteaders don't squat; and lots of squatters shy away from homesteading—usually out of some combination of hard-to-follow ideological objections, disgust with the city bureaucracy, and fear of placing their fate in the hands of the city when sheer defiance may get them a better deal.

Some squatters tend toward ideology or inverted class snobbery, but these kids were real egalitarians: "We accept both punk rockers and skinheads. We don't discriminate." "My parents are *yuppies*," said one unfortunate, a black kid from Chicago, looking sheepish; "they got money." One chunky guy from Westchester ("I hate to commute") told us about the squatters next door, whose place had become quite sophisticated and comfortable. Who lived there? Well, at one time or another he had seen at least three of the oppressed coming out of there in business suits.

Later we hung out in front of another building (no reporters allowed inside) and eyeballed some of the graffiti: "No entry for gentry." "Kill gentry." "The rich get richer and the poor get evicted." We watched some of the squatters come and go—it was a bustling little building. For the most part, they were kids, college-age, white, articulate, pausing to speak on the housing problem or the homeless, but then rushing off to lectures at NYU or to eat the food churches give out for the truly poor. One of them, a young woman, was dressed in leather and sported an attractive plastic spider in her ear. Four years' college, year in Italy, corporate job, which she quit, hadn't had a shower in nine days. She moved to this building because there was a heavy drug scene in the homestead across the street. She said she hardly ever talks to her parents, except for the time her mother saw her on TV brushing her teeth at a fire hydrant and sent her father out looking for her in the richmobile. She does what other kids around do. Work, maybe. Maybe hand out passes for the Aztec, the Pyramid, or Danceteria. Get drunk, do drugs.

Meanwhile, through the grapevine, we began to hear of a more "authentic" squatting operation, with real neighborhood people and a good reputation, and we thought we'd better check it out.

Dumi (not his real name) is a large, articulate, and very likable black photographer. He has a full beard, wears baggy green pants, and gives the impression he's always rolling around at you. He loves to talk, which he says is "the artist flow in me," and is a shaker and mover in a successful squatting operation. Their buildings were in relatively good shape to begin with, but Dumi and his fel-



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low squatters have fixed them up, and have seventy or so tenants. The hitch is that they never paid anything for the buildings, and technically the city still owns them.

Now Dumi was going to meet some new serious squatters a few blocks north. On the way over he talked energetically—you have to like this guy—about the Cause, about "taking it to the UN," about how "we're talking World Court level. . . . We want the world to know about the atrocities going on here." And now, finally, I was going over to meet some of the really oppressed, the truly needy, the salt of the city, who had to squat to survive and were also standing up for their rights.

Well, this scene became clear right away on the front steps. Two of the squatters were young white guys, fashionably dressed; the third was a pleasant-looking if plump white lady, in her forties perhaps, wearing baggy but clean clothes, complicated brass filigree earrings, and a Mao cap with a red star on the front. We got a tour of the mess they were calling home, and Dumi was excited because the staircase was intact. Otherwise, it was pure filth.

In a dingy front room was a kind of office with a telephone, which appeared to be the headquarters of a makeshift radical organization with a service called Eviction Watch and an "emergency" number. One of the well-dressed white guys had been sitting by the phone for days at a time, but nobody ever called. There were posters up about La Huelga and genocide, literature on "the war against the poor," and copies of *Our Land: The Magazine for Those Who Refuse to Move*, which offered suggestions on stealing food from local merchants.

THE THREE SQUATTERS wanted to know how they could get some real black and Hispanic people interested in their project. They had tried: They had handed out applications at a local church, made speeches and had them translated into Spanish: but no takers. That was bad—they needed to become more grass-roots. They also wanted to know how they could steal electric power from Con Ed. Dumi told them about Jack, and gave them a bunch of other advice. He liked them, he liked the fact that their building had a staircase, he saw possibilities for some kind of organization here. He told them that once they got a few families with kids they could go to Con Ed and tell them they had kids living in here and they didn't want to steal and would pay. Then, having legitimate electricity and getting mail and having a telephone—and of course having kids in the building—would give them more leverage when they had to pressure the authorities. Well, Dumi was ready for meetings. "If you guys think we could get together on a serious plane, I'm down." He wanted them to meet Manuel, who had done so much for his own homestead.

On the way over I asked the guy I had shrewdly pegged as the real revolutionary (intense stare, wire-rim glasses) how he had gotten involved: "I needed an apartment." I asked him about gentrification. More candor: He understood a lot of neighborhood people were for it and that was understandable, since it had probably been responsible for Operation Pressure Point (a police project for cleaning up the drug traffic) and had improved the area and had created jobs—even if those jobs meant working for the gentry—"although *I* couldn't work for them," he said.

The little band marched over to meet Manuel, who was working with fellow tenants to replace sewage pipes in the basement. The first thing he did when he saw these three intense white people with the Mao cap and the wire-rim glasses was to ask how many Hispanic, black, and neighborhood people they had for their building. "Well," they said, "that's something we wanted to ask you about . . ." Manuel was getting the idea right away. They had a fragmented conversation, and when somebody actually mentioned the word "revolution" Manuel said, "What revolution? We're trying to fix up a building!" Manuel is from the South Bronx and has seen people freeze to death. He wants a building with neighborhood people, families, people in need—but almost all he can come up with (as I began to find out here too) is educated white and artist types. He was not thrilled to take on these radical petty-criminal characters with secret agendas.

I went off for a while to talk to the people working on the sewage pipes. Squatting or not, they were clearly working their own "economic miracle"—granted, with the advantage that they didn't have to pay for their buildings. I found quite a few people with legit oppressed credentials, but at least half the people I talked with were young, educated whites. "Here to check out the art scene," and so forth. Some of the apartments were beautiful—exposed brick, elegant tiling. For this the tenants pay $50 a month "maintenance fee," which covers utilities and supplies for fixing up the common areas. Fifty bucks a month, plus they have to put in twenty hours of work a month and pass the one-month probationary term. I was ready to move in. They did have a few people on welfare, but the tenants said they could only handle a few; they primarily needed people who could "pull their own weight."

Back downstairs the white people were still chatting with Manuel about getting some real people for their building. Dumi wanted to arrange a "meet," but Manuel just said, "Sorry, not interested," producing 1.75 seconds of astounded silence. The candid revolutionary, who was a pretty subtle guy, ideologically speaking, was saying they had to have such people, "Otherwise we're just low-rent gentrifiers." I thought maybe he'd hit on something there.

All these buildings I visited downtown were city-owned. Manuel and almost everyone else I spoke with responded in exactly the same way when I asked if they would squat in an abandoned but privately owned building: "Oh no," they told me, "that would be trespassing." Another ideological subtlety, but it turns out that the subtleties of ideology are the life-blood of the New York squatting scene.

Peter Salins, a professor of Urban Affairs at Hunter College in New York City, is the author of a book called *The Ecology of Housing Destruction*, which argues that a complex of government policies—not just rent control, but badly designed public-assistance programs, Housing Court practices biased against landlords and even against the very idea of private property, radicalized legal aid, consistent overassessment and overtaxation of properties in poor neighborhoods, etc.—is at the root of the abandoned-buildings problem. Under controls that make it impossible to charge reasonable rents in many buildings and extremely difficult to evict nonpaying or even destructive tenants, small landlords find it very difficult to keep their buildings in compliance with the housing code. But if they are found in violation, then it can become truly impossible to collect.



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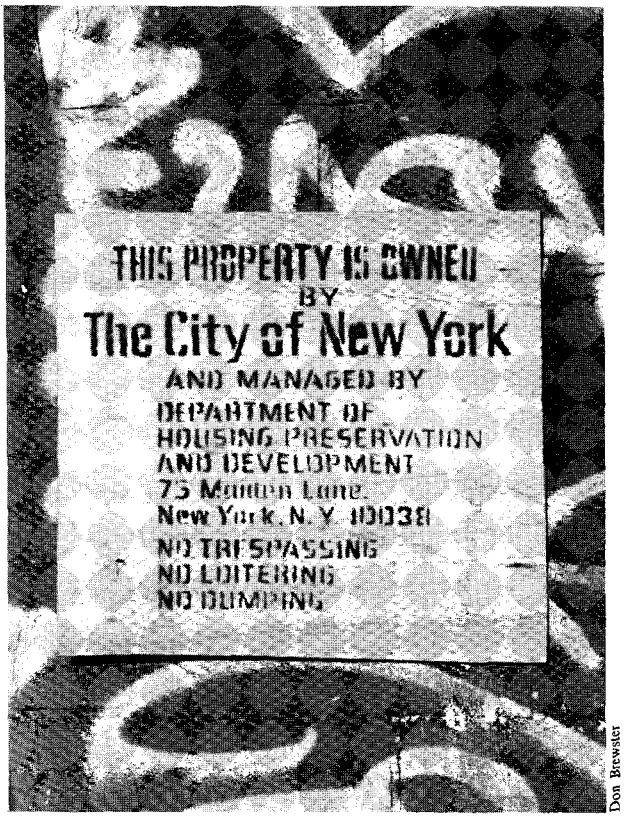
Large landlords may be able to carry a few bad buildings in hopes of better times, but small landlords may have no option but to walk away. Thus, says Salins, the system feeds buildings to the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development (HPD), the agency charged with taking over tax-delinquent buildings; and once they are in HPD's hands, it has a hard time letting go. There are lots of excuses not to: The previous landlords, after all, were unable to make the buildings pay. Most of the buildings are in horrible shape, so there is lots of talk about the city's rehabilitating them before returning them to the private market. But it is inconceivable that the city, in its current financial condition, could rehabilitate ten thousand apartment buildings, six thousand of which are abandoned.

The truth is, despite recent well-publicized plans to sell some buildings, the HPD bureaucracy doesn't want to return the buildings to the private sector, because many of the people who staff HPD simply don't believe there is any such thing as a good landlord. (But dozens of people told me the city government is the worst slumlord in New York, sometimes leaving tenants for months without adequate heat, hot water, or sanitary facilities. The city buildings I've seen tend to confirm the charge.) One official told me that HPD policy was not to auction off any abandoned building containing more than ten units. Moreover, even if HPD tried to sell its holdings it would face the powerful opposition of a cluster of "tenants-rights" and "neighborhood-preservation" organizations, most of which are committed to opposing gentrification —which they regard as a declaration of class war—with their dying breath. Selling vacant or nearly vacant buildings to private owners or developers with a bit of money invites gentrification, in part because it is a lot easier to take a building co-op if there are few tenants to exert their rights under the city's arcane housing regulations.



Don Brewster

Enter the squatters. They may not have indoor plumbing, but they have succeeded in sanitizing gentrification. They have found a niche in the ideological marketplace. Because of its own ideological obligations, HPD can't bring itself to sell its buildings. But if some poor people rise up from these mean streets and claim their birthright —for housing, everyone but everyone will tell you, is a fundamental human right that cannot be allocated by the cold calculus of the marketplace—well, HPD may not like it (in fact it loathes the squatters because they are so unbureaucratic) but what can it do? Call the storm troopers and assert the city's property rights? Not to raise pedestrian political considerations, could the city really afford to get into a public brawl that would expose its own record as a slumlord? Not hardly. The squatters have ideological immunity. Like those insufferable foreigners over at the UN, they can park wherever they like.

Meanwhile, over in Brooklyn, pandemonium. The meeting has almost begun, but for the past 15 minutes Mr. Camacho and Mr. Colon have been yelling at each other at the top of their lungs. Mr. Camacho is very mad: He was away in Puerto Rico for six months, came back, and still doesn't have a house. He's still on the waiting list. They yell back and forth until the meeting starts, and then for some time afterward. Finally order is restored, and business can get under way in the basement of ACORN's offices on Flatbush Avenue. ACORN stands for the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now; it's a national organization involved in different kinds of agitation and causes, from rent strikes to pressuring banks to reduce fees for bounced checks. If those at the meeting are any indication, ACORN's New York staff consists mostly of young white radicals who don't believe in property, while its membership consists mostly of older Hispanic folks who would like to acquire some. They are there because ACORN says it can get them houses for free, if they are willing to fix them up.

Through its brand of civil disobedience, which in this case consists of its members squatting and getting arrested, ACORN is trying to get the city to give over some 33 houses and the land under them without charge —in fact, with accompanying loans. Along with this outflow of government money, it is also seeking what your realtor might call creative financing. ACORN has been demonstrating in front of Banco de Ponce for a loan, hoping the bank will give in to political pressure and cough up a three-year $100,000 loan interest free. (ACORN is known for such tactics as busing in several hundred people to occupy a single bank office.)

I went out to bleak East New York one Saturday morning where some ACORN members were having a work party to get running water for one of their squatters. They had gotten a permit to dig a hole in the pavement in order to turn on the water valve, and now they were duly filling up the hole with blacktop, using a jackhammer on loan from the employer of one of the members. The only illegality they commit, they said, is the squatting itself. Inside the two-family house—which was in sad shape overall, having sat unoccupied except by drug dealers for years —I met the squatters, a charming young woman named Luisa, her husband, and their three children. She said they had been in the building for about a year, and their own area seemed reasonably livable. I asked if Luisa worked, and she told me she was a doctor. A medical doctor? Yes, she had just finished her internship in the Domini-



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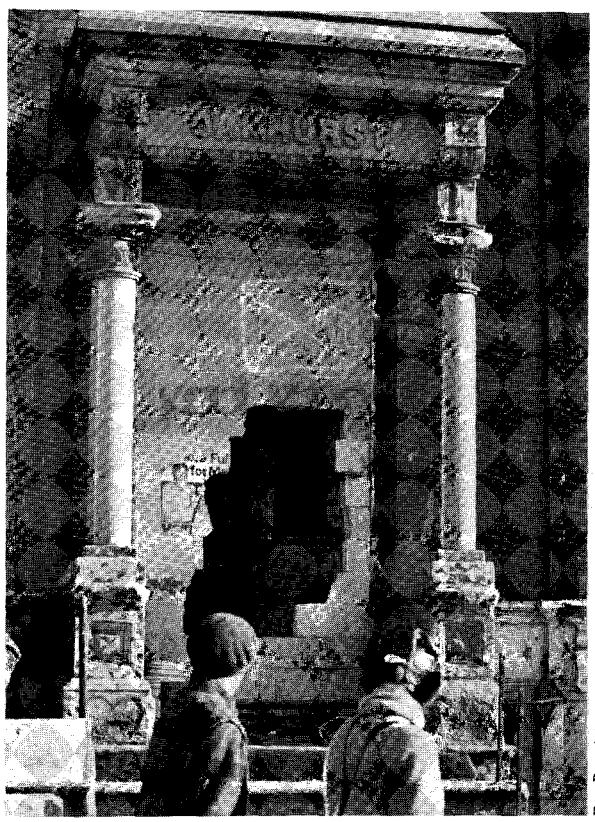
can Republic and was waiting to take the boards here in the United States. Her husband worked in a video store owned by his mother. He took home, Luisa said, about $350 a week.

Not the truly needy; but not vandals or anarchists either. Indeed, except for those thousands of city-owned abandoned buildings, and ACORN's political skills, the idea of squatting would certainly never have occurred to these people. However Luisa and her husband justify breaking the law, and whatever the vagaries of Manuel's ideology, it was clear that what all these people really wanted was to become homeowners, not the beneficiaries of a socialist state. As Professor Salins commented, "Once squatters get control they behave like landlords." I remembered Dumi had told me how he and his fellow squatters had refused to move from their apartments, citing laws about illegal eviction; but later they bodily evicted a tenant they suspected of drug dealing, without anything resembling due process. (Good thing, too: In his apartment they found drug paraphernalia, a bullet-proof vest, and spent shells.)



Don Brewster

But it would be wrong to say that squatting is a way out of the city's absurd and vicious housing policy. Manuel and Dumi and Luisa don't prove anything except that even in a state of nature the good guys sometimes win. The city's housing policy, by its arbitrariness, lacks the character of law and has thus steadily eroded property rights in housing. Squatting isn't the answer to the city's housing policy, it *is* the city's housing policy, for when the rule of law is abolished in favor of the war of all against all, possession is a good deal more than nine-tenths of the law.

The dark side of squatting is best illustrated by a story I pursued only after reading about it in a remarkable article on rent control in *The American Spectator* (July 1986) by William Tucker. Tucker had written about Mr. Elzie Robinson, an 85-year-old Harlem landlord who had squatters of his own, local citizens not quite up to the fine distinctions between city and private buildings that seemed so clear to Manuel and his friends. I went uptown to pay him a visit, and found him sunning himself in front of his office. He offered to show me the building where he was having all the problems.

He owns several buildings on the block—decent, well-maintained buildings with steady tenants. But this one had had a fire. He wanted to fix the place up, but from the beginning people had moved into it from the street. Then one of the squatters—who according to Mr. Robinson had never paid a cent of rent money—had him taken to court to restore the services lost since the fire. She won. The 85-year-old Mr. Robinson was thrown in jail for ten days by Judge Friedman of New York's Housing Court, and ordered to maintain basic services for the squatters—heat, electricity, plumbing. No matter that they had come in uninvited and had never paid rent and clearly never would. No matter that if Mr. Robinson bricks up the apartments, the next day someone has clawed his way in. Once he actually succeeded in having a man evicted, only to go back and find that the man's daughter had moved in—and Mr. Robinson had to start up the whole process again. (It can take more than six months to get someone evicted.) But who were these squatters? "Crackheads," he said. Drug dealers are using his building as a kind of headquarters, and have learned to use the city housing courts to force him to support them. As we walked through the building I could see dark figures slinking about in the shadows upstairs. If they meet Mr. Robinson in the hall they say, "You f-----, when you gonna fix this place up?" Apparently they know their rights.

This is the other side of squatting. With respect to abandoned buildings you could call it part of the city's supply side: Soon these people would drive Mr. Robinson's building into bankruptcy. Then the city could take over the building and, unless the city itself were unusually diligent, the squatters could go on living there unperturbed by whatever minute pangs of conscience they might feel now.

Back outside we sat on a bench, and Mr. Robinson pointed out some of his "tenants," sitting on the hood of a car, doing drug transactions in broad daylight. Down the block cars rolled up, rolled away. I talked to a nervous-looking man Mr. Robinson had identified as a squatter and a junkie, who had been hanging out near one of the car windows. He was young to middle-aged, bearded, wore an old green jacket, and seemed to be sweating lightly. He told me he had been in the building since 1979. How much rent did he pay? I asked. End of smile. End of eye contact. He started staring at a point in the distance and commenced a remarkable process of hemming and hawing—"Well, hmm, hah, hmm . . ."—and he actually came up with a figure: $105. When was the last time he paid? "Ah! Hah, hmm . . ." and then he said, "Why . . . just last month . . . or so . . . hmmm." Mr. Robinson was grinning from ear to ear. "Steve," he said, "how can you stand there and say that? You know you ain't paid me a cent since you been here." "Hmm, well, hmm . . ." Then Steve's face flashed suddenly from humble compliance and confusion into that strange mixture of hatred, anger, guilt, indignation—and he pointed at Mr. Robinson, saying, "See *you* later, Boss." And he stalked away, perhaps thinking how at least that judge downtown would be on his side. □



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# CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME

PERHAPS THE best-known cliché about California is that nationwide trends appear here first. As a visitor to the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, about thirty miles south of San Francisco, I have accordingly been keeping ears and eyes open, ready to spot a trend on the wing. But to date I have come up with little, beyond noting that the supermarkets hereabouts stay open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and at the local Safeway they come around with free doughnuts at 11:30 P.M. Whether this is a marketing strategy that is destined to sweep the country I cannot say. But in my nocturnal grocery expeditions I have noticed that food prices are about 10 per cent higher here than on the East Coast. Odd, because I'm sure most of the food is grown right here. Gasoline, on the other hand, I have seen as low as 59 cents for a gallon of self-service regular.

Despite its unconventional shopping hours, California strikes me as more middle-class than *outré*. I think it's the vacation-style weather and the Mediterranean flora that give the state its reputation for the exotic. Palm, eucalyptus, and olive trees, endless sunshine, and purpled hills in the distance do wonders for what would otherwise be humdrum suburbs.

California undoubtedly acquired its reputation as the harbinger of change at a time when it enjoyed greater economic freedom than most other parts of the country. Innovation is one of the most distinctive contributions that free markets make to society. By the same token, a free market, with its foundation in a general equality before the law, will tend to promote one large, rather homogeneous class—a middle class—rather than a hierarchy of classes. There is nothing paradoxical in the idea of middle-class creativity.

But I doubt that California is any longer on the cutting edge, either of the free market or of social change. In the last 15 years or so, growth has in various ways been deliberately stalled, and although the current governor, George Deukmejian, would no doubt like to reverse all that, he is unlikely to be able to do much. The legislature is controlled by Democrats, who in California tend to have strongly statist, not to say leftist, tendencies. (California's Democratic congressional delegation includes some of the most left-wing representatives in the country.) Texas has probably already replaced California as a key center of innovation—not to mention Tokyo and points farther East.

The students at Stanford University look about ten years younger than I remember undergraduates looking in the Sixties. Mostly they dress in loose-fitting, unisex garments—sweaters coming down to mid calf and so on. I gather they all work very hard. A remarkable number seem to be Asian. I went to a talk that Dr. Edward Teller gave to undergraduates on the topic of "Reykjavik and the Strategic Defense Initiative." Teller is at Hoover, and of course he was involved in the development of the hydrogen bomb at Los Alamos. He arrived, Moses-like (or do I mean Margaret Mead?), carrying a big staff, with which he poles himself along. I wondered if there would be protests, "Star Wars" being a term of abuse in academic circles these days. I couldn't have been more wrong. The students sat and listened in immensely respectful silence, and at the end they asked sensible questions.

On the other hand, I have been disappointed by one or two editorials in the *Stanford Daily*, which read as though they had been dictated by *New York Times* staffers. (Howard Beach—"Racism Persists"; federal budget—"Reagan's Fiscal Folly"; and so on.) This on a campus where they sell "Question Authority" T-shirts! Will someone tell me how a twenty-year-old can get upset about the federal budget ("unparalleled splurge of deficit spending . . . symptomatic of the live-for-today attitude . . ." etc.). It's fair to say that students at the moment are fairly docile—no bad thing, of course. The country's most-cited political scientist, Seymour Martin Lipset, also at Hoover, told me the other day that he anticipated sooner or later another wave of student radicalism. It's not in sight yet.

## *Reagan and UFOs*

IN A RECENT poll, published in *California* magazine, of 617 students at thirty-odd colleges across the state, 58 per cent labeled themselves Republicans, 42 per cent Democrats. Apart from relatives, the people they most admired were (in descending order): Jesus Christ, Ronald Reagan, Martin Luther King, Abraham Lincoln, John F. Kennedy, Gandhi, and John Wayne. Seventy-four per cent support the death penalty, 10 per cent the legalization of cocaine. The three favorite books or authors listed were: the Bible, *The Catcher in the Rye*, Sidney Sheldon. Three favorite movies: *The Sound of Music*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Star Wars*. Only 10 per cent read *Time* or *Newsweek* "regularly." Eighty-eight per cent believe in God, 61 per cent favor abortion on demand, 42 per cent believe the earth has been visited by life from another planet, 65 per cent have never been to New York. Asked which event made them most proud of their country last year, 36 per cent said the bombing of Libya; 23 per cent said it was the event that made them the most ashamed. (It was the top vote-getter in both categories.) Asked which university in the state they would prefer to at-

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tend, most (76 per cent) said Stanford.

The latest story on the Stanford campus is the growing opposition to the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library, which is supposed to be built in what are always referred to as Stanford's "rolling foothills." The university president, Donald Kennedy, and the Stanford Board of Trustees have voted unanimously to approve the site (on land owned by the university). The opposition comes from . . . well, let's say the grass roots: 3,500 petition-signers, variously described as joggers, open-space advocates, low-density proponents, nature lovers, and so on. The "tranquillity" of those rolling foothills will be disturbed; "hundreds of members of the Stanford community" use the RFs for their "spiritual health," traffic flow will "hazardously increase," the library will be "too visible" (revealing, that).

You may be wondering: Is this in reality political? A less-than-candid instance of the professoriate's well-known dislike of the President? "The protest is nonpolitical," says Sam Brain, a senior radiology research associate at Stanford Medical Center and one of the protest organizers. One would feel more confident that this were indeed so if some of the names involved in an earlier and explicitly political protest against a proposed Hoover-controlled research center were not cropping up once again in the Reagan Library dispute.

Will the library be built as proposed? "The environmental review of the project has yet to be done," Sam Brain ominously notes. "We intend to use all legal means at our disposal." I should say the chances of their coming up with an endangered species or two are pretty good. In the end all will depend on whether the Santa Clara County officials are willing to roll over and do the Stanford trustees' bidding (as one or two I have spoken to at Hoover expect), or heed the low-density-loving, I-don't-have-anything-against-Reagan, spiritual-health joggers.

If the latter sentiments do prevail, it would not be for the first time in this part of the world. There's a marvelous book called *The Environmental Protection Hustle* (1979), by an MIT professor named Bernard J. Frieden, describing the use of environmental pretexts in California to keep out undesirables, stop new housing construction, and so on. In a chapter on Palo Alto, the town adjacent to Stanford, Frieden reports that a 1970 technical study commissioned by the city "found that the least expensive form of development from the point of view of city taxpayers was no development at all, even if the city had to buy a large amount of land at market prices in order to block homebuilding. Local growth opponents were delighted with these results. They meant that a no-growth policy was not only meritorious as an expression of ethical values but that it also made sense in cold cash."

Years later the U.S. District Court struck down a related attempt by the city to (in effect) repudiate the property rights of a local developer who had bought a 570-acre tract in the rolling foothills, upon which he planned to build some 1,770 housing units (willingly setting aside two hundred as low-cost units). Much of the judge's scathing analysis of the city's tactics, Frieden noted, was equally applicable to "the devious growth-control policies of other California communities." Frieden cites a case in which an environmental study, having failed to find rare or endangered species, warned that construction of the planned development "would essentially preclude the discovery of any rare or endangered species" on the site.

## *I Got Mine*

As far as Palo Alto is concerned, the upshot is that those who arrived here first have valuable properties and nice views unspoiled, as a rule, by newer houses. It is a very expensive place to live. I won't even tell you how much I am paying for a rather small apartment in Palo Alto, but it is considerably more than one would pay for a comparable place in a good neighborhood in northwest Washington, two miles from the White House.

Silicon Valley, they say, stretches from Stanford to San Jose, and Palo Alto is a part of it. By repute, it's the hot center of high tech. But the word is that things haven't been going so well in the valley of late.

John Hylton



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According to California's Employment Development Department, Santa Clara County lost 8,500 electronics manufacturing jobs in the last year, and 21,500 since the peak in September 1984. Most people seem to imagine it's the fault of the Japanese, with whom we have a "trade imbalance" in microchips.

The other day the *San Jose Mercury News*, which keeps a close eye on Silicon Valley, reported the depressing news that "Chip Firms Seek Federal Role" in the industry, to make them "more competitive" with the Japanese. Some of our vaunted entrepreneurs are turning to Washington for a handout, in other words. "There has to be some government participation," National Semiconductor Corporation president Charles E. Sporck was quoted as saying. "We don't believe industry alone, given the current position, can fund this entirely to the level that is required."

But as the newspaper's reporter, Christopher Schmitt, noted: "Even if this happens, it's not clear that Silicon Valley would realize many new jobs. The area's living costs and high cost of land make it unattractive for high-volume manufacturing." Why are living and land costs so high? Read *The Environmental Protection Hustle* to find out.

## *Sagging Silicon*

ON THE TOPIC of subsidies for Silicon Valley, Stanford economics professor Roger Noll was quoted as saying: "There's this iron rule of thumb: The costs of the firm will adjust to absorb whatever is available. Once the subsidies start to flow, the pressure comes off for being efficient. It's always easier to go for the subsidy." In other words, subsidies are the one thing that really could wreck the industry. George Gilder, who is writing a book about the microchip industry, said that the electronics trade gap with Japan is in any event a chimera. "The reason we don't sell U.S.-made computers in Japan is that they're made *in* Japan" (for example, by IBM-Japan), he said. "Economists who focus on the trade gap don't know anything."

A *Mercury News* survey of local computer companies further suggested that the problem is not so much in the industry as in the locality. Several companies, including Apple, have in the past year increased sales, profits, and number of employees worldwide. But they have reduced their workforce in Santa Clara County. (Hewlett-Packard is an exception to this trend.) In other words, the industry seems to be in the process of moving slowly outward to lower-cost areas. And that means outside California. These are the kinds of things that make me doubt California will much longer be the place for nationwide trend-spotters to visit.

Somehow of a piece with all this, the November issue of *California* had a cover story entitled "Reclaiming the California Desert." That is, *from* human use and habitation, not (as "reclamation" used to imply) for it. Senator Alan Cranston has introduced something called the California Desert Protection Act of 1987. This would "legislate the view, so to speak," writes Page Stegner, a journalist who seems to be California's unofficial yuppie mouthpiece. Stegner sides with the kangaroo rat, the coyote, and the spring pocket mouse, and feels good about it. "To say the Cranston bill represents a giant step toward establishing in law the aesthetic and spiritual values long claimed by environmentalists for the Mojave is to absurdly understate its importance," he writes.

Spiritual values again. How come environmentalists claim the right to "impose their views" while denying same to Jerry Falwell? "Legislate morality"—bad. "Legislate spirituality"—good. Falwell should have named his group the Spiritual Majority. Perhaps Pat Robertson should bill himself as the leader of the Rosicrucian Right.

While we are on the subject, two *L.A. Times* reporters tracked down former Governor Jerry Brown in Kamakura, a city of Buddhist temples 25 miles south of Tokyo, and interviewed him in a tea shop. Brown, who now has a white-tinged beard, has been attending Zen Buddhist study sessions, practicing Catholicism, and completing several hundred pages of an unsold manuscript. His literary goal is "to better understand and articulate my philosophy . . . and to set out my vision of the future." The former governor "repeatedly asked how he had been discovered," but the reporters say only that they found him "after exhaustive inquiries with police and other authorities." At first he was reluctant to be photographed, but eventually he agreed to pose, looking rather Western in a London Fog topcoat, jacket and tie.

## *The Front Page*

UNEXPECTEDLY, THE intervening two thousand miles diminishes one's interest in the ongoing public-policy hullabaloo coming out of Washington. There's no particular logic to this, as we're within easy media-reach, of course. But somehow the message gets attenuated, and distance makes the mind wander. I've long since given up trying to keep abreast of all this Iran business, for example, as I'm sure most Californians have. We get the national edition of the *New York Times*, but somehow the local papers don't provide the necessary stimulus. Did you ever try to begin the day with the *New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times* piled up in front of you? They're like a mashed-potato sandwich: filling but dull. I hate to admit it, but I rather miss the *Washington Post*. At least the *Post* editors understand that the line between news and gossip is a doubtful one, and that it's not worth trying to separate them.

In recent years the reputation of the San Francisco newspapers has not been good, and for some reason the *Chronicle* persists in using a layout that is curiously off-putting. But there has been a real attempt to do something with the Hearst-owned *Examiner*, which has been redesigned, and has some good columns. What caught my eye was a Sunday "Editor's Report" by William Randolph Hearst Jr. Sometimes it is actually datelined San Simeon. This of course is the location of the famous Hearst castle, now open to tourists. I can't imagine that the Hearsts still live in it. How wonderful if true.

Hearst's sentiments are conservative, but too meek and mild. He sends New Year's greetings and the like. ("I am going to emulate our President, whom I admire greatly, and take it easy here in California.") But with a name and dateline like that, a truly reactionary column (references to odd goings-on in the servants' wing, faithful retainers, hunting expeditions in search of desert environmentalists) would be riotous good fun. It might even be the talk of San Francisco. Alas, we live in a time



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when the rich are expected either to wear the protective camouflage of socialism or, failing that, to lay low. The one thing we do not expect is for them to enjoy themselves.

Here's a shocker of a headline (from the *San Francisco Examiner*): "Church Spurns Papal Visit. Trinity Pastor Warns of Anti-Pope Violence." This was not even on the front page! The story began: "Fifty members of Trinity Episcopal Church—including its pastor—have signed a statement urging Pope John Paul II to cancel his upcoming visit to San Francisco because it might 'cause harm to his person and cause greater divisions between the homosexual and heterosexual communities in the Bay Area.'" The Reverend Robert Cromey, an "outspoken gay-rights advocate," was quoted as saying that "the Pope's statements on homosexual persons are laced with archaic religious assumptions and astonishing arrogance. These are false teachings about human beings who happen to be homosexual."

That's the kind of thing that gives the city a bad name. San Francisco is a lot nicer than that. In many ways it really does live up to its postcard image, at least on weekend visits. One day I walked through Chinatown, packed with people. How come the generic "Chinatown" of folklore is a dangerous place filled with sinister opium dens? I never feel more secure, or less likely to be bothered, than when surrounded by Chinese. Chinatown is not only thriving, it is also expanding outward, just as the Chinese population in the city is increasing. I suppose it is only a matter of time before they move into the Castro district, decimated by the AIDS epidemic.

The November defeat at the polls of California Supreme Court Chief Justice Rose Bird and her two liberal associates on the Court, Joseph Grodin and Cruz Reynoso, is no longer news on the East Coast. Now they are finally gone, but not before (in what really did seem like a final nose-thumbing at the electorate) reversing five death-penalty cases, including that of a man who tortured to death his ten-year-old stepdaughter. Rose Bird, who was Governor Jerry Brown's chauffeur before he elevated her to the Court, never once voted to uphold the death penalty. In a last-minute move, the Court also ordered the "Onion Field Killer" freed, after more than twenty years in prison. (The case was described in a nonfiction book by Joseph Wambaugh.)

After Governor Deukmejian named a short list of successors to the defeated justices (mostly fairly conservative, I gather, although hardly likely to be as ideological as their predecessors), Rose Bird made a classic comment: "I was disappointed to see when the governor made his announcement and sent names for replacements that he didn't have an Asian among the individuals. I thought that was rather sad. It's the last barrier, having an Asian . . ." Of course what she meant was not so much "Asian" as "disgruntled Asian—an Asian who believes that criminals are society's true victims."

Rose Bird left the Court seemingly under the impression that the voters had unwarrantedly intruded upon her "judicial independence," which she understood to require, constitutionally, a public deference to her every whim about the law. In one account she was reported to be contemplating a career in the media. She should receive a standing ovation in almost any newsroom. Statewide, the vote against Rose Bird was almost two to one. In Stanford precincts, however, the vote to reappoint her was 1,905 yes, 649 no.

John Hylton

## *Bureau-Boom*

THE CALIFORNIA state budget, just announced, was $39 billion. (And here I go, persisting in the delusion that people want to read about budgets.) The reaction to it here was very much parallel to the Washington reaction to the federal budget. "It's a disaster," said state school superintendent Bill Honig, who is transforming himself, some say with a view to higher office, into an all-purpose whiner for liberal causes. "This is the worst budget I've seen in seven years!"

"It's a very very, tough tough [*sic*, *sic*] document," said Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. "There are so few dollars."

Actually, 682 million more dollars than last year. A 1979 constitutional amendment, sponsored by Paul Gann, prevents state spending from growing any faster than the consumer price index, with an adjustment for population increases.

Now Honig wants to do away with the spending limit. He says that California is 42nd nationwide in per-capita spending on public education. But, says Ted Costa, a spokesman for Gann's group, People's Advocate: "From 1970 to 1982 we tripled the [education] budget while experiencing a 600,000 drop in students. The system's personnel grew by eighty thousand, and only twenty thousand of those were teachers." Administrator's Heaven, in other words. □



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# THE NEW PRO-LIFE REBELS

AT THE ANNUAL NOW convention in 1985, a hundred women had gathered at a workshop to discuss abortion rights. For NOW it was an election year, and the forces of Judy Goldsmith and Eleanor Smeal battled feverishly to see who could be pegged the choicest pro-abortion candidate. In this feminist enclave, one woman approached the open microphone to give her views on abortion. "I'm here representing another feminist view," Dr. Elise Rose told her sisters. "I'm a pro-life feminist."

Immediately, NOW members sprang into action. "They've infiltrated," one feminist passed the word. "Call for reinforcements." A horde of fifty militant pro-choicers poured into the conference room. The Chair interrupted Dr. Rose's remarks to entertain a motion that she be silenced. Quite democratically, and in accordance with NOW's established rules, the pro-choice members of the conference voted Dr. Rose out of existence; some women, it seems, may be seen but not heard.

The official silencing was made easier by the fact that Dr. Rose is not a member of the National Organization for Women. In 1972, NOW purged pro-life feminists from its ranks, and it remains the national policy of NOW to allow no deviations from the party line on abortion. The disfranchised members of NOW formed an organization of their own, Feminists for Life of America, which is on the cutting edge of a phenomenon just beginning to gain notoriety: the left-wing pro-life movement.

"We have to pay attention to women's self-esteem," says President Rachel MacNair in describing FFL's motivating philosophy. "We have to support a woman's capacity to handle adversity without resorting to killing."

Feminists for Life claims 1,500 members in chapters all over the United States, as well as international chapters in New Zealand and Canada. In Washington, D.C., FFL protestors held a countermarch during NOW's widely publicized March for Women's Lives on March 9, 1986. In Los Angeles, during a NOW parade for abortion rights, FFL sponsored a Coalition of Pro-Life Women Leaders; 22 women claiming to represent more than 500,000 pro-lifers throughout California attended. The California FFL chapter hired a plane to fly overhead proclaiming, "Birth Control Yes, Abortion No." Last summer, the Missouri FFL sponsored a St. Louis conference on the theme, "Feminists for Life: Weaving a Seamless Garment."

The national FFL chapter, run out of Kansas City, offers an information hotline, coordinates the national newsletter, and organizes various special projects. Projects in the works include radio and TV ads aimed at reassuring women that ambivalent feelings about pregnancy are normal and will pass with time, and a series of brochures the group hopes to distribute to high-school students and counselors. The brochures offer information on the emotional and medical needs of pregnant girls, encourage teenagers to know their medical rights, tell teenage girls they have the right to avoid sexual exploitation, and inform girls of the legal obligation of their baby's father to help support the child.

In 1985, Feminists for Life placed a small ad in *The Progressive* magazine. Next to a picture of a healthy fetus, the ad's headline said, "This Little Girl Deserves Protection . . . So Does Her Mother." As a result of that ad, the Funding Exchange, a consortium of left-wing foundations, canceled its subscription to *The Progressive* and announced it would not help raise any more money for the magazine. When FFL approached *The Christian Century* to run the same ad, *The Christian Century* said it would run the text, but not the drawing of the unborn child —that would be "inflammatory." "I thought the words were kind of inflammatory," says a bemused Rachel MacNair. "But the picture's just a picture."

OF ALL THE unlikely ideological niches, pro-life feminism must rank as one of the most eccentric. How do you go about becoming what all your friends consider an oxymoron? Well, some, like Juli Loesch, stumbled into the pro-life ranks after years of active involvement in the disarmament movement. Ms. Loesch, who is the founder of Pro-Lifers for Survival (a group dedicated to stopping abortion and the arms race), found that to really describe the effects of nuclear radiation, you have to detail its effects on the unborn. One day, as she was lecturing, a woman in the audience stood up and said, "If you think radiation damages unborn children, you should see what abortion does." A blow-by-blow description of a D-and-C abortion set Ms. Loesch to thinking, and she concluded that being a pro-choice pacifist made no sense.

Other converts include pro-life activists who have always had feminist sympathies and liberal feminists who have been just plain scared to bring their pro-life views out of the closet. Groups like Feminists for Life allow liberals to identify with the pro-life movement and simultaneously dissociate themselves from conservatives. "We let them say, 'I'm not one of those right-wingers like Jesse Helms, *I'm* a pro-life feminist.' " says Ms. MacNair. "And let me tell you, these people usually have a pretty bizarre idea of what right-wingers are like."

Reaction from mainstream feminists runs from perplexity to open hostility. FFL maintained a lower profile at the 1986 NOW convention in Denver, but

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it did run a hospitality suite in the same hotel. The group's request for a literature table was turned down. Individual FFL members report being harassed and excluded when they confessed their heterodox views to fellow feminists.

Rosemary Bottcher is a wife, mother, environmental chemist, and national vice president of Feminists for Life. "They won't even listen," says Ms. Bottcher of her fellow feminists. "Those arrogant, closed-minded, right-wing bigots are more willing to hear my feminist ideas than feminists are willing to listen to my pro-life views. There's one other local feminist who includes me in her projects, but she gets a lot of flak for it. They say I'm a right-winger."

"A pro-life feminist is a contradiction in terms," counters Jennifer Brown, former head of the New York City chapter of NOW. "It's not possible to be a feminist and anti-abortion. We regard pro-life feminism as a public-relations ploy by the anti-abortion movement." At first, I thought that in denying the very existence of pro-life feminism, Ms. Brown was only trying to score propaganda points, refusing to acknowledge what she considered politically inconvenient. But as we talked more, I realized I was wrong. Ms. Brown and her ideological cohorts are sincere; they can't conceive of pro-life feminists, because they do not believe that anyone *really* considers fetuses to be human. For these pro-choice feminists, pro-life rhetoric is just a mask for a not-too-well-hidden reactionary agenda, a symptom, if you will, of a deeper hostility, an unnamed neurotic fear. When I asked Ms. Brown about the anti-abortion protestors she has come in contact with, her voice grew thoughtful, almost sympathetic. "People are afraid of the sexual revolution," she said. "People are afraid of homosexuality, of women getting divorced and having kids without marriage, of men with their arms around each other."

"There's nothing dispassionate about anti-abortion protestors," she continues. "They're willing to walk up to perfectly respectable-looking people and call them murderers. The key to the virulence of anti-abortion views and the way they express them lies in their views of sexuality."

For feminists, of course, the abortion struggle is about sex. If abortion is illegal, they say, then sexual liberation is for men only. This is undoubtedly true. But in making unfettered sexual satisfaction not just an ideal, but the highest ideal (surpassing even respect for life), mainstream feminists are adopting stereotypically male attitudes. In fact, they are enshrining not only male values, but the values of a particular type of man: the bohemian playboy. As Juli Loesch told *U.S. Catholic*, "Abortion becomes part of the female-body-as-recreational-object syndrome. The idea is that a man can use a woman, vacuum her out, and she's ready to be used again. It's like she's a rent-a-car or something." And of course, by making abortion solely a woman's choice, pro-choicers also make pregnancy solely a woman's responsibility. Men who might once have felt an obligation to support mother and child now feel positively noble if they make sympathetic noises and pay for the abortion.

"Abortion solves the liberal boy's problems," notes Rachel MacNair dryly. "Mainstream feminists are just beginning to make the connection. Only recently did the Ms. Foundation figure out it didn't want to take money from the Playboy Foundation to support abortion rights. It took them a long time to realize why Playboy was giving them money, and it's not because they're concerned about the dignity of women."

Pro-life feminists agree that abortion is a "women's issue," because it hurts women as well. Argues Dr. Rose, "Women are being told: Destroy your children and you'll gain the goodies of society." Pro-abortion ideology insists that women devalue and despise their own biological nature. Advocates of legalized abortion say that unless conditions are ideal, pregnancy and/or motherhood is a terrible and degrading experience, and that women are too weak to cope with this experience and must be protected from it. The Spring 1986 issue of *Sisterlife*, FFL's newsletter, reprinted an article by the New Zealand feminist Daphne DeJong. According to Ms. DeJong, "To say that in order to be equal with men it must be possible for a pregnant woman to become un-pregnant at will is to say that being a woman precludes her from being a fully functioning person . . . Of all the things which are done to women to fit them into a society dominated by men, abortion is the most violent invasion of their physical and psychic integrity. It is a deeper and more destructive assault than rape, the culminating act of womb-envy and woman-hatred by the jealous male who resents the creative power of women."

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For pro-lifers, the anti-abortion crusade is primarily a struggle for the unborn. Pro-choice rhetoric has turned it into a struggle over the status of motherhood, which is, after all, the defining sexual characteristic of women. Pro-life feminists contend that a feminism that fears and despises pregnancy is inherently anti-female. "Abortion is an attack on women—abortion says there's something wrong with women's capacity to reproduce life—you have to remove it surgically," insists Dr. Rose. "Pro-choicers are saying pregnancy is a disease. That attitude is sick." Pro-choice feminism is an attempt to de-sex women, to assert that what women have traditionally considered their crowning glory—the ability to bring forth life—is actually their greatest liability.

It was not always thus. One strand of feminist thought in the nineteenth century rejected this androgynous model. Many women's-rights advocates of that time emphasized that men and women *are* different: Women are better. Women, they supposed, are less violent, are more closely attached to life and to children, are more sensitive to suffering, and possess a greater capacity for love and service and a greater portion of that courage which manifests itself not in single valiant acts but in the quiet struggle to endure. It was because these feminists of a century ago believed women are morally superior that they demanded



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the inclusion of women in public life —as speakers, preachers, authors, and voters. Similarly, a great deal of feminist activity was directed not at disparaging women's special role as wives and mothers, but at seeing this status incorporated into law. In the middle part of the nineteenth century, for example, there was a great disparity between rhetoric that praised the exalted status of mothers and laws that gave authority over offspring to the father. Before the 1850s in the state of New York, for example, a mother was not automatically granted custody of her children even in the event of the death of her husband, and never in divorce —even if her husband's malfeasance was the grounds for divorce. Nineteenth-century feminists led the fight to change such statutes. The cult of motherhood in which Betty Friedan saw the degradation of women is, looked at another way, the ultimate triumph of nineteenth-century feminism.

Even in the last century, some feminists wanted to see women adopt masculine behavior. That split continues today except that now the androgynous feminists have become the dominant strain. "Political feminists believe in the androgynous society, cultural feminists believe we should make society more compatible with female ideals," comments Dr. Rose. "But there are other kinds of achievement than making money. It used to be that men were looked at as walking wallets. Now women are judged that way too." Oddly enough, our cultural trends have shifted so far to the left that they've almost come full circle. The political feminists' doctrine of androgyny is no longer radical, but mainstream. Radical feminism and conservative thought, in contrast, are beginning to converge. "Popular culture looks at women as objects to be used. The Christian Right and the radical feminists are the only ones who oppose this," according to Dr. Rose. "A pro-lifer is an easy convert to feminism, once you show them you don't have to believe that men and women are the same and that feminism is not anti-child or anti-family. Conservatives are easily in favor of women's equality," she maintains, displaying, perhaps, a bit too much faith in the intellectual sisterhood of man. But there is among feminists a growing realization that—just as pro-family conservatives predicted—much of what took place in the last two decades in the name of women's liberation hurts all but an elite minority of career-oriented, childless women professionals.

"I've been thinking maybe the reason feminism popped up on the left is that left-wing men are so much harder for women to deal with. It's the right-wing men who say men should stay with their families," muses Rachel MacNair. "To say that there is something wrong with being a housewife is to surrender women to dominant male values. That kind of attitude will put the nail in the coffin of feminism." □


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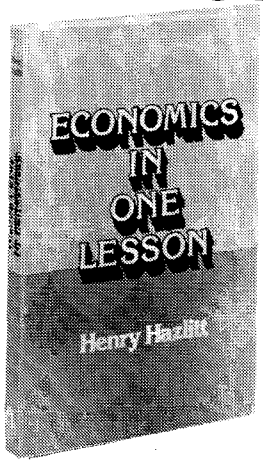


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# EUROPE NEEDS A TAX CUT

THIS HAS TO have been the most unappreciated economic expansion in history. The U.S. economy has now grown at an average rate of more than 4 per cent for 16 quarters—already one of the two or three longest and strongest expansions in a century. Since early 1981, stock prices have doubled, interest rates have been cut in half, inflation has been slashed from 13 per cent to 2 per cent, private savings have increased by more than $200 billion a year, real hourly compensation is up 5 per cent, and after-tax income per capita is up 10 per cent. There are more than ten million new jobs.

For four years, economists and journalists have offered numerous, increasingly creative theories about why all this could not possibly happen. The latest fashion is to raise ominous threats about trade deficits and capital inflows. The rallying cry is "competitiveness"—a slogan that is powerful precisely because nobody even tries to explain what it means.

"Trade Cure Must Be Made in America," proclaims the headline over an article by Art Pine in the *Wall Street Journal* (Dec. 15). "The outsized trade deficits reflect a stunning deterioration in U.S. competitiveness, . . ." writes Mr. Pine. "Investment and productivity growth here are stagnant."

*Business Week*'s "Business Outlook" editor, William Franklin, wrote (Dec. 15): "The flood of imports brought on by the soaring dollar was the primary cause of the trade problem."

Economist Walter Heller, writing in the *Wall Street Journal* on December 12, complained about "an unprecedented consumer binge": We are "gorging ourselves on imports" and becoming "the world's greatest debtor nation."

The trouble with all these stories is that they are not only untrue but backward. U.S. trade deficits actually reflect a stunning collapse in the competitiveness of Europe and Japan, and have been produced by their massive trade surpluses and corresponding capital flight. These countries have become too dependent on capital outflows—that is, on trade surpluses with the United States—and will have to do something themselves to create faster growth. The U.S. can no longer be the net lender to a stagnant and bankrupt world.

If "competitive" means having a prosperous private sector, the U.S. is very competitive indeed. From November 1982 to November 1986, the output of U.S. manufacturing industries increased by 30 per cent. This dramatic growth far outpaced that of any other major country, including Japan. Since manufacturing employment rose by "only" 6 per cent, while output rose by 30 per cent, there was obviously a huge increase in productivity—more than 4 per cent a year since 1980, compared to annual increases of less than 1 per cent from 1976 to 1979.

The increase in the U.S. trade deficit has been entirely due to falling exports, not to "gorging ourselves on imports." Imports account for a smaller share of the economy than they did in 1980 (see table, next page) and a much smaller share than in any other major country. There has been no "flood of imports." We aren't buying more: The problem is that other countries are buying less.

THE KEY QUESTION is whether the U.S. alone can do anything about exports when the taxpayers in so many other economies are too poor to afford our goods and too bankrupt to deserve additional credit. Since 1980, U.S. exports have fallen from 7.9 per cent of GNP to 5.2 per cent—the equivalent of about $115 billion a year. But that is mainly because other developed countries slashed their yearly imports by $170 billion between 1980 and 1985, with most of that cutback ($104 billion) coming from the ten largest European countries. It isn't simply that these countries are buying less from the United States: They are buying less from everybody. In fact, the *direct* effect on the U.S. was relatively mild, with U.S. exports absorbing less than 9 per cent of the cut in European imports—a clear sign that U.S. goods are very competitive indeed in the shrunken European market.

Some economists have calculated that faster growth in Germany and Japan would increase U.S. exports to those countries by only $5 to $10 billion. This misses the point: namely, how damaging to U.S. exports were the indirect effects of the cutbacks in European and Japanese imports from the developing countries. The anemic performance of so many of the industrial economies has reduced their demand for raw materials, helping depress prices in the commodity-producing Less-Developed Countries (LDCs). The decline in European and Japanese imports had a brutal impact on these countries, which have to earn dollars to service enormous debts before they can buy U.S. food and technology. Latin America is still the second biggest market for U.S. exports, after Canada, so this factor did indeed affect our export markets. In fact, the U.S. became a "net debtor" simply because the value of U.S.-owned foreign assets (namely, LDC loans) collapsed, while the value of foreign-owned assets in the U.S. (stocks and bonds) doubled. The "net debtor" status of the U.S. is another sign of weakness abroad and strength at home. If the U.S. cut imports as much as other countries have, the world economy would collapse, making us part of a worldwide depression rather than a fortunate exception to it.

World exports cannot exceed world

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imports, so growth of world trade depends on a turnaround in the anemic performance of the major European countries, where *internal* economic growth (aside from trade surpluses) has been below 1 per cent a year since 1980. The unfortunate mathematics of the situation are that the U.S. cannot possibly reduce its trade deficit unless many other countries reduce their trade surpluses. But under current policies those surpluses are about all that Europe has had going for it. If, instead, these countries were able to increase *internal* growth, then their industries would need more equipment and materials, thus firming up the deflated prices of industrial and agricultural materials produced by developing countries, as well as by U.S mines, mills, and farms. With better markets for their products, developing countries could once again become good customers for U.S. exports.

From 1965 to 1973, a larger proportion of Europe's working-age population was employed than of the United States'—65.3 per cent in Europe to 63.6 per cent in the U.S., according to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD). By 1985, the situation was dramatically reversed, with 68.7 per cent of the working-age population in the U.S. having jobs, compared to only 57.9 per cent for OECD Europe. From 1980 to 1985, employment in the European Economic Community *fell* by 0.3 per cent a year, compared to a 1.5 per cent annual increase in the U.S. and 1 per cent in Japan. Unemployment rates in the U.S., Canada, and Europe were about the same in 1981, close to 8 per cent, and the situation was properly considered a recession. Today, unemployment has slipped below 7 per cent in the U.S. but is well above 9 per cent in Canada, above 11 per cent in Europe. Imagine how much more the Europeans could afford to import if 69 per cent of their workers were working, rather than 58 per cent.

The employment and trade problem in Europe is taxes. European taxpayers cannot even afford to buy what little their economies produce, so these countries must export to provide the few jobs that remain. Payroll taxes, "consumption" taxes, and income taxes create a formidable wedge between what employers pay for labor and what employees finally receive, after taxes. This reduces both the employer's willingness to employ and the worker's willingness to work. A 5 per cent pay increase in a 28 per cent tax bracket is exactly as desirable to the employee as a 9 per cent pay increase in a country where marginal tax rates are 60 per cent; but 5 per cent is obviously cheaper to the employer—and to the consumer who must ultimately pay the wage.

As steep marginal rates in Europe succeeded in preventing people from earning high incomes, Social Security and VAT taxes had to be increased to extract more taxes from people with modest incomes. Overtaxing labor relative to capital is common in Europe, and it fosters the uneconomic substitution of machines for people. In Ireland, corporate manufacturing is subject to only a 10 per cent tax rate, zero if for export, and machinery is immediately expensed. But the individual income-tax rate is 48 per cent at an annual income of only $12,000 and 60 per cent at $19,600. A value-added tax of 23 per cent applies to many goods not usually considered luxuries, and the Social Security tax is 17 per cent. Unemployment in Ireland has been around 17 per cent. A similar situation exists in Spain, the Netherlands, Italy, and the United Kingdom, among others.

Since government is a huge portion of GDP in Europe, and the statisticians assume that government is worth whatever it costs, growth of government is recorded as growth of the economy. In most of continental Europe, what little "economic growth" there has been has consisted entirely of such increases in government consumption (mostly public payrolls), plus net exports. That cannot continue indefinitely, because net exports cannot increase further without further increases in U.S. net imports—something that is becoming politically intolerable. And increased government payrolls cannot continue to make up for Europe's loss of private-sector jobs, because that implies an ever increasing tax burden, which accelerates the decline of private production and employment.

**U.S. Merchandise Trade As Percentage of GNP**

| | Imports | Exports |
|---|---|---|
| 1980 | 9.4 | 7.9 |
| 1981 | 9.0 | 7.5 |
| 1982 | 8.1 | 6.5 |
| 1983 | 7.9 | 5.8 |
| 1984 | 9.0 | 5.6 |
| 1985 | 9.1 | 5.2 |
| 1986 | 8.7 | 5.2* |

*First 3 quarters.

Source: U.S. Department of Commerce.

In countries with extremely onerous marginal income-tax rates, ranging up to 75 per cent (plus sales and payroll taxes), the private internal economy actually shrank from 1980 to 1984—by 2.9 per cent in Sweden, 5.2 per cent in Belgium, and 9.3 per cent in Portugal. Overtaxed Italy, Greece, Ireland, and Spain also experienced absolute economic declines. In the only OECD countries that made sizable reductions in tax rates, private internal growth was 13.9 per cent in Turkey and 16.6 per cent in the United States. Japan has high apparent rates, but its generous exemptions still keep almost everyone out of the high tax brackets. Its private internal economy grew by 10.8 per cent over the same four-year period. Between these extremes, OECD countries with middling tax rates experienced growth ranging from minus 2.2 per cent in West Germany to plus 2.1 per cent in Canada and 2.5 per cent in France.

How can the stagnation and outright shrinkage of private internal economies in Europe be reversed? If other countries would copy the general idea of U.S. tax reform, they would increase after-tax incentives for their own people, which would raise their income and purchasing power, thus reducing dependence on exports to create jobs. Tax systems that suffocate domestic income and sales are an *international* scandal.

Like businesses, countries have to compete in terms of the marginal cost of the services they provide. And the cost of government is a large part of the cost of production. If labor is overtaxed, labor costs rise, reducing the return to capital. If capital is overtaxed, capital costs rise, reducing real wages. Excessive taxation of added income discourages the added output that yields the income. With lower marginal tax rates, individuals would also get to keep a larger portion of any interest

*(Continues on page 61)*



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# THE TURKS ARE COMING!

THREE HUNDRED YEARS ago this cry of alarm was frequently heard in Europe. Now the Turks are coming again, but in various non-belligerent ways.

The Turks have peacefully invaded Europe and are to be found all over the map as "guest workers." They are not much liked by ordinary people in many of these countries, mainly because unemployment is growing, but they are very much appreciated by employers as hard-working, reliable, simple, and abstemious, though unassimilable (their religion is too different to let them melt into local patterns, as other guest workers—Yugoslavs, Italians, Spaniards—do). In the big German cities—above all, West Berlin—there are now entire Turkish quarters, and the children of these immigrants crowd the schools. Given their high birth rate and their reluctance to go home, where living standards are a great deal lower, the Turks are becoming a problem demographically.

But Turkey is also approaching Europe in another way. Like Morocco, Turkey wants to become an associate member of the European Community. Turkey pushes its claim partly for economic reasons, but associate membership would also mean "freedom of movement" for its citizens, including the right to work anywhere in Europe. One must remember that the population explosion in Turkey is reaching the fifty-million mark. At the same time, the per-capita income is only one-fourth that of neighboring Greece and one-ninth that of Germany.

Who, precisely, are the Turks? They have a common religion with the Arabs but are in no way related to them. Before their arrival in the Middle Ages, the population of Asia Minor was a mixture of countless tribes and nationalities—Phrygians, Lydians, Hittites, Armenians, and Greeks. That part of Asia was wrested from the Byzantine Empire by the Seljuk Turks and, finally, by the Osmanic Turks, who had come from Central Asia. They were Sunni Moslems who imposed their religion and language upon the conquered nationalities with which they mixed, in the process losing their own racial characteristics. Linguistically the Turks have an evident affinity with the Tartars and Turkmens.

Since the days of Atatürk—statues of whom, dressed in dinner jacket or tails, one finds all over Turkey—the country has made great efforts to Westernize itself and to copy "progressive," somewhat leftist European laws, customs, and institutions. Fez and veil were ruthlessly abolished, the Arabic script replaced by Roman letters (actually much better suited to the language), the Swiss legal code put into practice, the *Sharia* (Koranic law) abrogated, and religion relegated to the background. Western laicism was enforced, and every religious community was allowed only one clergyman in clerical garb. Missionary work and proselytizing are strictly prohibited.

One very nasty Western tendency has been fully embraced and fostered in Turkey: ethnic nationalism. The Armenians had already been exterminated by the progressive, Western-oriented "Young Turks" before the accession of Atatürk, and the ever dwindling Greeks have a very hard time. They are allowed to live only in the small European part of Turkey, and Greek citizens cannot settle in Anatolia (Asia Minor). How things have changed! In 1925 Istanbul harbored more Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Russians, and Levantines than Turks.

This strong ethnocentric nationalism has a lot to do with the Turks' search for an identity. One school of thought, Turanianism, emphasizes the relationship between the Osmanic Turks and the Turkish populations in the Caucasus and Central Asia (sometimes even with the Hungarians). Certain Turkish intellectuals consider Islam to be the great obstacle in the way of the country's development and claim that it can even be styled as unpatriotic; yet Islam is, at present, gaining strength here as elsewhere. There are Turks who "identify" with the Hittites, whose monuments are given much greater attention than the Greek ones.

Atatürk unfortunately never understood that the externals of Western civilization are not workable without their profound spiritual foundations. Islamic tradition was traumatized by his revolution, but Christianity was not admitted in its place. Turkey was to become a country of progressive, enlightened, practical, diligent middle-of-the-roaders with all the civic virtues, bent upon the pursuit of happiness. But the Turks are not eighteenth-century deists, and the spiritual vacuum was soon filled by neo-Islamic revivalism and even more by rightist as well as leftist passions leading to terrorism. The democratic republic was not a huge success, and the history of Turkey is one of intermittent dictatorships. At present it can be called a democracy, though not a liberal one.

AFTER ALL is said and done, the Turks do look toward Europe with longing eyes. Nowadays, all Western European countries annually issue stamps celebrating Europe, thus expressing their perhaps not quite unrealistic wish that the Continent might one day be united. Turkey, too, issues such stamps.

The main Western objection to Turkey's association with the European Community is the massive influx of guest workers it would bring, followed by a rise in unemployment. Another objection, Turkey's non-Western character, might possibly change as the result of closer contacts between East and West. If Turkey found another Atatürk, then Europe's borders could be extended to the Euphrates. □



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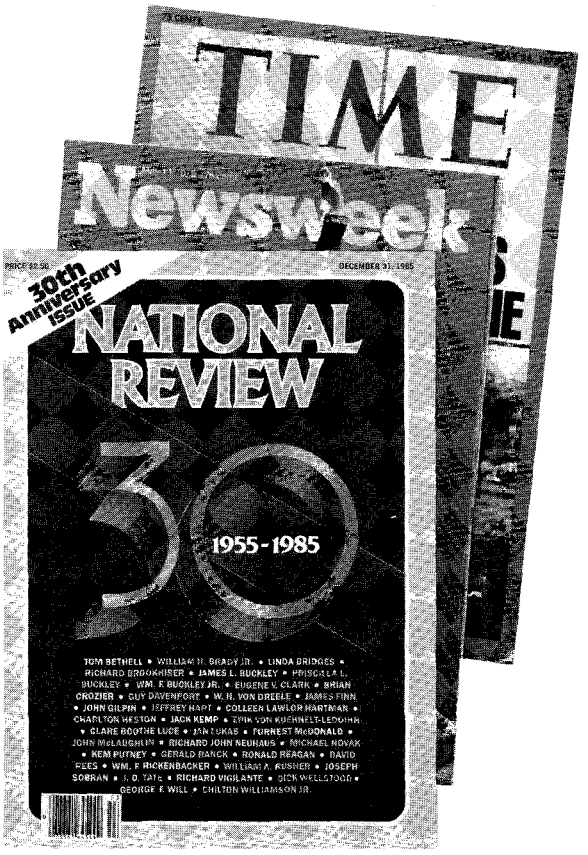
# You won't find these articles in TIME or NEWSWEEK




- **Allan Carlson** sees the proletarian family returning.
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- **David Wagner** reports on William Bennett's struggle for a common culture.
- **Diana West** looks at Bill Bradley's fast break.
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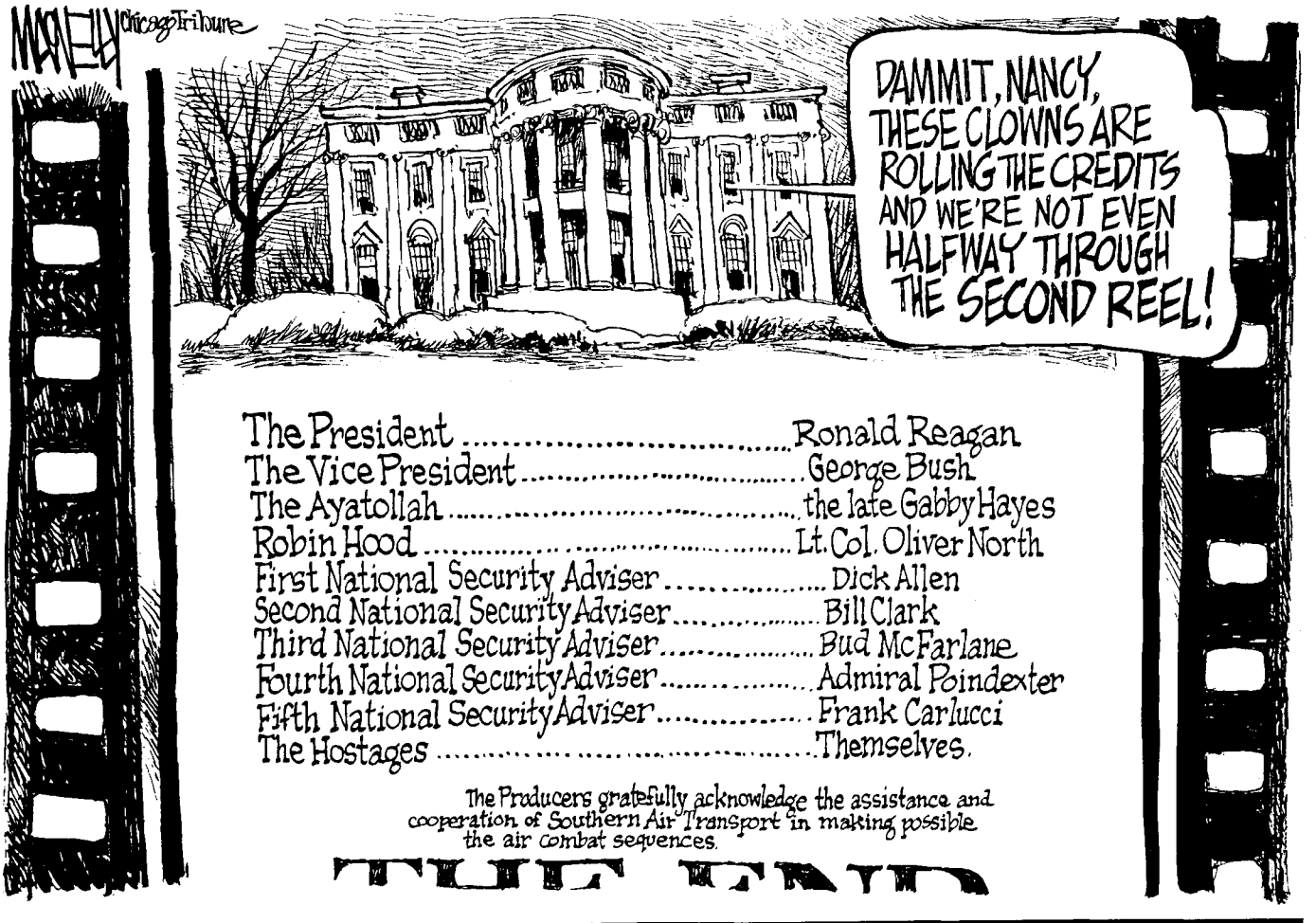
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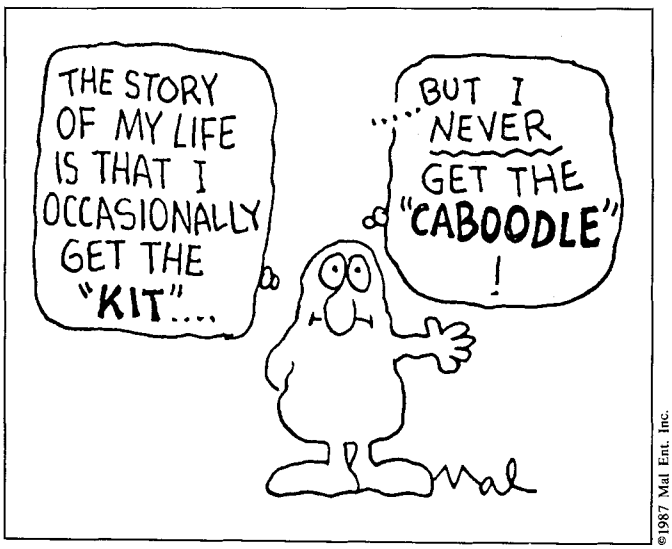


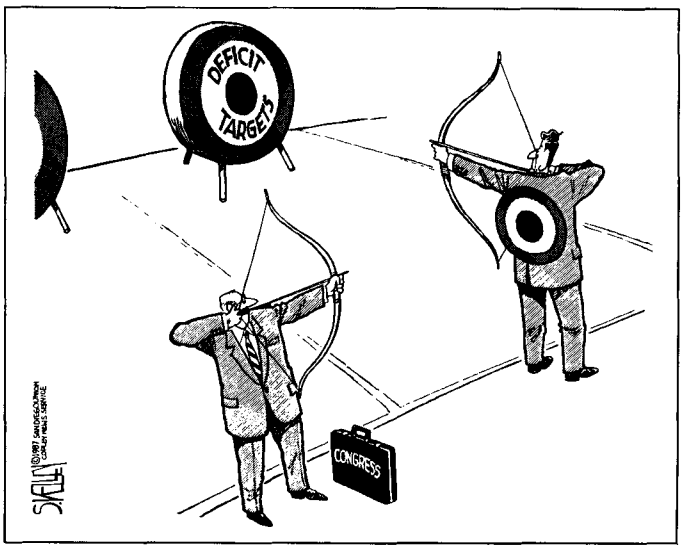

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# EXPANDING THE PEACE MOVEMENT

THE NUMBER OF churches in the peace movement may just have jumped by 45,000. That is how many churches belong to the National Association of Evangelicals (NAE), which a few days before Christmas unveiled its *Guidelines* for a new Peace, Freedom, and Security Studies Program. Note the name of the program, for it indicates why this ambitious project is not merely more of the same. The peace movement, according to the NAE, must also be a freedom and security movement, or else it will end up being very bad for peace, freedom, and security alike.

Those who thought they had a corner on the religion-and-peace agenda are, to say the least, somewhat ambivalent about these new recruits to the movement. At a conference in New York, critics of the NAE *Guidelines* said the document was intemperate in using words such as "scandal," "shameful," and "tragedy" to describe positions taken by what it calls "some of our most influential religious agencies." The positions in question include propagandizing for the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, denying or minimizing religious persecution in the Soviet Union, and exploiting Central American refugees to score points against U.S. policy. In short, they are positions that thoughtful people might describe as scandalous, shameful, and tragic.

The piquancy of the intemperance charge is that it comes from people who have drafted church statements—such as last year's from the United Methodist bishops—that blithely assert that those who support U.S. defense policy are guilty of idolatry and are the enemies of poor people. A chief drafter of the Methodist broadside said the NAE *Guidelines* are marred by "ecumenical estrangement, ideological taint, dubious facticity, and questionable prescriptions." In other words, he disagrees with the NAE about what peace means and how to achieve it.

Father Bryan Hehir, who was behind the Roman Catholic bishops' 1983 pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace," also is not pleased. He seems to be more than a little upset at the way these Evangelical upstarts are trying to steal the spotlight. The NAE program, he said, "combines political innocence with a view that is worthy of Dean Acheson." In some corners of Roman Catholic opinion, "Dean Acheson" is a short way of saying right-wing, anti-Communist, reactionary warmonger.

Hehir questioned how the NAE can act simultaneously like the "new boy on the block" and the "wise old man in the debate." In addition, he told the NAE participants in the meeting, "You are clearer about what you don't like than about how you will carry out the task." That's not much of a criticism, since it would seem to apply to most of us with respect to most questions of great moment. For example, we certainly do not like war and tyranny but are less certain about how to prevent them. At least, those of us who are not United Methodist bishops are less certain. Their greater certainty is no doubt related to their wondrous insouciance about tyranny.

Father Hehir does raise an interesting point, however. The reason why the NAE seems so wise and seasoned upon its formal entry into the war/peace debate is that it had as its principal consultant the very wise and seasoned World Without War Council. Do not be fooled by the name. The WWWC is anything but another pusher of utopian fixes. Under the indefatigable leadership of a certain Robert Pickus, the WWWC has for decades been insinuating a measure of moral realism into discussions of war and peace. According to "Pick," the discussion is typically stymied by the sterile conflict between the "peace and disarmament party" and the "freedom and security party." The point is not to find the middle ground between these two parties but the better ground that is ahead of both. Through many months of study and debate, that better ground is marked out by the NAE.

The NAE statement is clear about what it wants to do:

> The intention of this program is to develop within the Evangelical community leaders whose reflection on the theological, moral, and political problems involved in the pursuit of peace and freedom in a fallen world will lead to realistic opportunities for an American contribution to a world safe for free societies, in which international conflict is resolved without war.

There is a refreshing absence here of any suggestion that those who disagree with the recommended approach are to be excommunicated from "the constituency of conscience." Of course the NAE's very sobriety may be a handicap in generating the moral excitations associated with the peace movement. But that is a price willingly paid by those who prefer moral responsibility to moralistic melodrama.

EVANGELICAL leadership, which has in the last decade assumed such a prominent role in our public life, has until now been missing from the war/peace debate: The NAE's belated but vigorous entry bids fair to redefine the terms of that debate. The NAE does not have the teaching authority of the Roman Catholic bishops nor the activist bureaucracy of the old-line churches of liberal Protestantism. It does have the advantages, however, of entering the debate with uncommon intelligence, a commitment to civility, an awareness that the work of peacemaking is never done short of the Kingdom Come, and a conviction that peace without freedom is the peace of the morally dead. If it works, the NAE program will mean that a peace movement expanded is a peace movement transformed. □



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# THE PRESIDENT'S PAST

**Joseph Sobran**

*Reagan's America: Innocents at Home, by Garry Wills (Doubleday, 472 pp., $19.95)*

THIS IS A Garry Wills Special, typically overwhelming—and delicious—in its full-diapason deployment of its author's many gifts. He brings everything into play around his subject: The short list includes Milton, Mark Twain, Alfred Hitchcock, St. Augustine, Alvin Gouldner, and Frank Sinatra. He combines wide-ranging cultural savvy with deep-focus reportage. You aren't supposed to *do* all this in one book, but Wills, like Robert Burton, hasn't got the news yet.

But it's anti-Reagan, isn't it? Oh yes. *Reagan's America* is bound to be the Hive's standard book on our President, unless something better comes along (most unlikely). The only writer I can think of who makes so many imaginative connections among disparate-seeming things is Hugh Kenner. Not that Wills quite belongs in *that* company, but it's praise enough to say he tempts the comparison.

So it seems churlish to say that the main thing wrong with the book is the main idea. It's based on what has already become a banal conceit: Reagan, the movie actor who's out of touch with reality. Jack Reagan, his father, worked for the New Deal—as a bureaucrat!—and hired his two sons. Thus the family survived the Depression: "The New Deal bailed the Reagans out." This is intended as an ironic comment on Reagan's subsequent hostility to "govment." So it is. But the point bears limited weight.

Wills makes much of Reagan's habit of misremembering such things, and he links it to Reagan's way of misremembering all of American history. The West was settled by "govment," federal subsidies and land grants, Louisiana Purchase and Mexican and Indian wars, all of them generating patterns of settlement. Free-market mythology forgets these details, Reagan being our forgetter-in-chief. The Old West was not so wild; it was as intensely communal as life aboard a ship at sea, with strict gun control and prohibition of liquor in many localities. The Reagans never comprehended this: "There was more government in their history than they knew."

> With Twain, the pretense [of frontier naïveté] was artful, highly conscious, used for cultural satire. With Reagan, the perfection of the pretense lies in the fact that he does not know he is pretending. He believes the individualist myths that help him play his communal role. He is the sincerest claimant to a heritage that never existed.

Americans prefer a "substitute past" to "the real past," and Reagan is marvelously attuned to this craving. "That explains Americans' extraordinary tacit bargain with each other not to challenge Reagan's version of the past. The power of his appeal is the great joint confession that we cannot live with our real past." And what's that?

Well, chapter one begins with Reagan recalling his early life as "one of those rare Huck Finn-Tom Sawyer idylls," this account juxtaposed with a newspaper report, from his hometown newspaper, of a lynching. That's an intimation of our *real* past, though the home town was Tampico, Illinois, and the lynching actually occurred in Springfield. That's Springfield, Missouri, down in the general direction of Arkansas and Oklahoma, not Springfield, Illinois. And the date was 1906, five years before Reagan's birth, just to remove any suspicion that he helped contribute to the climate of hate that made the event possible. But what book about Reagan would be complete without images of "racism"?

So Reagan's self-servingly bad memory becomes a metaphor for America's bad memory, its will to deny its entanglement in Original Sin, which it wanted to believe was left behind in Europe. I don't know quite how to cope with assertions so large. I wouldn't know how to prove or refute them. *Reagan's America* doesn't prove them, though. It counts on the empathy of a properly progressive readership—attuned to the evils of "racism," say, but not abortion—to sustain them. At the core of all its eloquence we find a set of what are by now recognizably conventional attitudes, without which the book dissolves into brilliant particles.

Reagan's rhetorical opposition to "govment" can be excused as a politician's shorthand for something more specific, which he doesn't have time to

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*Jeffrey Meyers is the author of* Painting and the Novel *and* The Enemy: A Biography of Wyndham Lewis.

*Joe Mysak is assistant managing editor of* The Bond Buyer.

*Francis B. Randall is a professor of Russian and Communist history at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York.*

*J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, and a member of the editorial board of the* Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.



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spell out, although his approximate meaning can be collected from the literature of the conservative movement that buoys him. But Wills has nearly five hundred pages here, space enough to explain what the correct view of government is: Surely a blanket *pro*-"govment" rhetoric is no more satisfying than Reagan's.

But we already know the answers, not from the book itself, but from the context of the same conventional liberal attitudes it tacitly assumes and appeals to. If you don't share those attitudes already, this book isn't for you, despite its ostensibly generalized address and scholarly sweep.

In the course of arguing that "the terrorist is the true individualist of our time," he remarks: "The lone bomber, by contrast [with most of us], is imposing his or her will." That "or her," the properly progressive pronoun, instantly reduces the argument to silliness—though, to be sure, there are she-terrorists. As far as that goes, terrorists belong to their own social milieu, as cooperative, in its way, as the airplane maintenance crew Wills contrasts it with. The point of individualism is voluntary affiliation, not isolation. And you don't refute libertarianism by observing that it isn't a perfect description of our past—we know that—but by showing its defects as a model for the future.

"Only a believer could make Reagan's fictive past credible to others." That's a trifle smug. Given a choice between two rhetorically simplified versions of our past—Reagan's heroic one and the Hive's litany of racism, anti-Semitism, slaughtered Indians (Wills dutifully calls them "native Americans"), interned Japanese, etc.—why shouldn't we prefer Reagan's way of prescinding? The dark view of our "real past" isn't particularly "credible": It too requires a certain will to believe, and those who cleave to it tend to be not the most penitent but the most priggish—the quick accusers, who ridicule the notion of "Communists under every bed" but posit bigotry everywhere, "just beneath the surface."

Can you, though, resist a writer who puts the Hive view in terms as fresh as these?

> Only a touch of fanaticism can hold out against all kinds of converging evidence. But Reagan is that most disarming of political apparitions, the kindly fanatic—closer, indeed, to the gentle inventor of *Back to the Future* than to well-intended bigots like Ford or Edison. For many, Reagan is not only a comfort but a necessity. He is the demagogue as rabble-soother. □

## RANDOM NOTES

□ More February Titles: *Enemies of the People: The Ordeal of the Intellectuals in China's Great Cultural Revolution* (Knopf, $19.95), by Anne F. Thurston, is a vivid account of Mao's persecution of the Chinese intellectual class (academics and Party apparatchiks) during the Cultural Revolution of 1966-67, in which these "enemies of the people" were attacked, harassed, and at last driven into the countryside.

In *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), Richard Rhodes describes the development, testing, and deployment of the bomb by the United States—as well as attempts by Imperial Japan and Nazi Germany to do likewise—with energy, insight, and drama.

□ Coming in March: In *Prescription for Disaster: From the Glory of Apollo to the Disaster of the Shuttle* (Crown, $18.95), Joseph J. Trento (with reporting and editing by Susan B. Trento) argues that since 1969, when NASA put men on the moon, the trajectory of the space agency has been steadily downward, owing to increasing presidential indifference and recent attempts on the part of the military to lay hold of America's manned space program.

*Robert Graves: The Assault Heroic 1895-1926* (Viking, $24.95), by Richard Percival Graves, is the first fine volume of what is certain to be a splendid biography of the English poet, novelist, and memoirist (as well as uncle to the present biographer).

*Berlin Diaries: 1940-1945* (Knopf, $18.95), by Marie Vassiltchikov, is the fascinating record of the daughter of aristocratic Russians who, as an émigrée working in the German Foreign Ministry, collaborated with an underground resistance group plotting to assassinate Hitler.

Kingsley Amis's new novel, *The Old Devils* (Summit, $17.95), which won the Booker Prize for 1986 in England, concerns four elderly and profoundly creaky Welsh couples drinking and romancing their way to their lives' conclusion. —CW

## THE OTHER HOLOCAUST

### Eugene H. Methvin

*Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine, by Robert Conquest (Oxford, 412 pp., $19.95)*

Suppose that the July 1944 bomb plot had killed Adolf Hitler, which it surely would have done if Count von Stauffenberg had set his satchel a foot away from that concrete pillar. Hitler's successors swiftly round up and execute the plotters, and then sue for peace, retaining control of much of Central Europe, with Scandinavia and the Low Countries remaining in National Socialist Germany's orbit.

Today, no doubt, the President of the United States would drink toasts at Summit conferences with aging Nazis, perhaps even including the nonagenarian Prisoner of Spandau, Rudolf Hess. By now some scholar surely would have dug out and published an account of the murder of nearly six million Jews during the Hitler era. But there would be many scoffers. Our scholar's interviews with survivors and quotations of published accounts would be challenged by reviewers who, after all, realize we must negotiate with this aging German totalitarian regime, since it boasts nuclear-tipped ICBMs aimed right at Greenwich Village.

Farfetched? Well, consider that when the Soviet Union announced the death on November 8, 1986, of the 96-year-old V. M. Molotov, premier of the Soviet Union during the 1930-33 collectivization campaign and number-two mass murderer after Stalin himself, his role in the greatest genocide of the century rated just six lines among the 62 column inches devoted to his obituary in the *Washington Post*, and about the same in the *New York Times*. Molotov was Stalin's right-hand man in the massacre by deportation and terror-famine of Russia's independent farmers. The total dead amounted to a very conservatively estimated 14.5 million, more than two and a half times the toll of Hitler's Holocaust.

Now, at long last, the British poet-scholar Robert Conquest has provided a fine, thoroughly documented full-dress historical study of this genocidal campaign. Conquest grabs his reader at the start by explaining that he is describing the planned, deliberate murder of so many people that the total amounts to *twenty* dead for each *letter*, not word, in this 412-page tome. The



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Stalinists in their three-year war against the peasants killed more than all the dead on all sides in World War I. They turned an area larger than France, with more than forty million people—the Ukraine—into "one vast Belsen," where whole villages died of starvation under the supervision of well-fed police and Red activists. Only one Soviet leader has lifted a corner of the conspiracy of silence that still drapes the event: Nikita Khrushchev in *Pravda* in 1963 called it a "war of starvation"—and within a year the surviving apparatchiks who had waged that war threw Nikita out on his ear. Nobody notices; yet compare the furor a year or two ago when a California crackpot denied the existence of the German Holocaust.

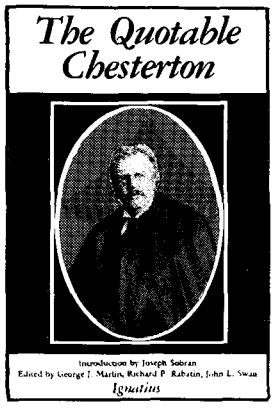
Here, briefly, is the history Conquest recounts:

By 1921, Lenin and his Bolsheviks had reduced Russia's industrial and agrarian workers to the point of starvation, and the Kronstadt revolt among the sailors, the shock troops of Lenin's 1917 coup d'état, forced him to face reality. He announced a temporary retreat to a kind of free enterprise, the "New Economic Policy." But, in a secret letter not printed until 37 years later, he declared the retreat only temporary, adding: "It is a great mistake to think that the NEP put an end to terror; we shall again have recourse to terror and to economic terror."

The Stalinists, after vanquishing first their Trotskyite rivals and then, by 1929, the Bukharinites, felt strong enough to renew their program of totalitarianization. These Stalinist survivors were fanatical millenarians whose rationale was that they would translate their utopian dream into a new and superior society. That such "true believers" can still truly believe, in the face of mountains of corpses, is difficult for Western pragmatists to accept, but it is true. A young American who worked on the English-language *Moscow Daily News* in 1933 told me some forty years later how he had confronted the paper's editor, Mikhail Borodin, about the reports of mass starvation resulting from the collectivization. "Without batting an eyelash he would look you straight in the eye and say, 'We have got to sacrifice this generation in order to build the future socialist utopia.' "

The Soviets' first step was to impose their "class war" theology on the countryside. Farmers and villagers had to be divided into "oppressors" and "oppressed." The Stalinists resurrected the pejorative label "kulak," which translates roughly into "shylock" and had applied to wealthier peasants in Czarist times who lent money to needier farmers. Applied to the Russian countryside of 1929, this was a joke. The most prosperous peasants had at most two or three cows and 25 acres for an average family of seven, and earned only about 50 per cent more per capita than the poorest. They accounted for maybe 5 per cent of the peasant


**William F. Buckley** says: "G. K. Chesterton is verily what Joseph Sobran has said of him: 'the Shakespeare of the aphorism.' His wit not only delights, but instructs, and sometimes one needs to close the cover of this work, to avoid being overwhelmed."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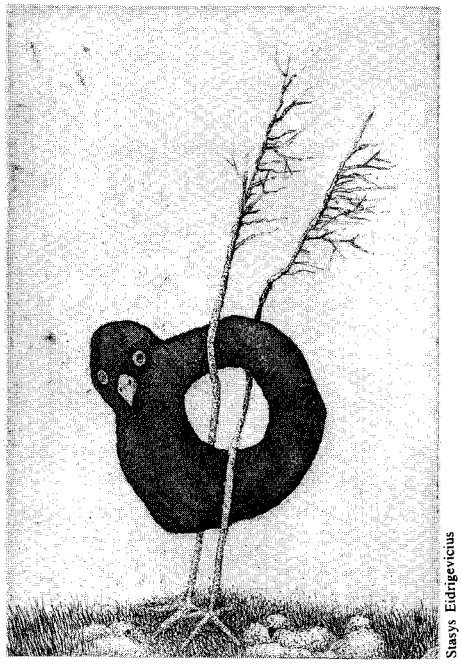
households and produced 20 per cent of the grain, Conquest estimates.

In the summer of 1929, a hundred thousand urban Communist activists were sent into the countryside to go after these "criminals," who were depicted as wealthy grain-hoarders holding back their harvest to starve the revolutionary regime. Stalin pumped his cadres up on a doctrinal fantasy that they were going to create great agricultural factories that would in two or three years yield "one of the richest granaries, if not the richest, in the whole world." But Stalin ordered: "It is wrong to admit the kulak into the collective farm because he is an accursed enemy of the collective-farm movement." On December 27, 1929, Stalin announced the goal of "the liquidation of the kulaks as a class."

Conquest estimates that about 13 million people were rounded up and shot or deported. "Deportation" meant mass death. These class enemies were packed in cattle cars and shipped to Russia's arctic wastes. Scores of thousands were thrown ashore in an ill-considered gold-mining scheme in one of the coldest areas in the Northern Hemisphere, Magadan. When winter came, whole camps perished to a man, even including guards and guard dogs. Tens of thousands were dumped without tools into Siberian forests at the end of rail lines, where the only preparations were signs tacked to trees proclaiming: "Camp No. 1," "Camp No. 2," etc. Sixty to seventy thousand were boated up the soon-icebound Siberian stream of Vasyugan and marooned on patches of firm ground in the local marshes without food or tools. They all died.

The "oppressed poor" farmers liberated from kulak oppression and left behind to face collectivization fared little better. After the harvests of 1931 and 1932, hordes of Stalin's activists covered the landscape like locusts, stripping the farmers of every scrap of food they could find. Guard towers were built in the fields of the first collective farms and manned by shotgun-wielding police. Activists went through the countryside shooting pet cats and dogs, removing even this historical last-resort source of protein in time of famine. (This last vivid detail comes from *Execution by Hunger: The Hidden Holocaust*, the memoir of a Ukrainian survivor, Miron Dolot.)

Conquest's description of the mass



Stasys Eidrigevicius

starvations that followed, climaxing in early 1933, ranks with the most distressing reading I have ever done. In horror it surpasses anything I have seen in the Nazi literature, even Eugen Kogon's *The Theory and Practice of Hell*, a survivor's account of Buchenwald. Indeed, it makes the Nazi death camps with their clean, quick gas chambers disguised as showers seem almost humane. If you think that is a shocking statement, read Kogon, and then Conquest.

Nor is this some relic of the distant past. We are dealing today with a Kremlin regime ineluctably shaped by this dirty terrorist history. The activists who did not defect—and a number did, providing heart-wrenching testimony, which Conquest amply quotes—developed schizoid psychologies suited for following any orders, no matter how cruel, in the interest of achieving a sovietized socialist world. And the line of succession from Stalin to Gorbachev is unbroken: Gorbachev and his generation of commissars were selected by the old Stalinist cadre. Bukharin, who was shortly to die in a Stalinist purge, visited Paris in the late 1930s and told an old Menshevik scholar and erstwhile comrade that perhaps the worst result of the terror-famine was the "deep changes in the psychological outlook of those Communists who participated in this campaign and, instead of going mad, became professional bureaucrats for whom terror was henceforth a normal method of administration . . ."

The people in the Soviet apparatus in the Thirties sacrificed 15 million out of a total population of 158 million to realize their dream of a socialist wonderland. Until the people in that apparatus today can openly examine their history and consider the need for constitutional safeguards, we must recognize that we are dealing with a mad machine capable of anything—including pre-emptive nuclear strikes. □

# BEYOND STALIN

## Francis B. Randall

*When the War Was Over: The Voices of Cambodia's Revolution and Its People, by Elizabeth Becker (Simon & Schuster, 502 pp., $19.95)*

As little as 12 years ago, Americans were still arguing with each other as to whether the other side in the Vietnam War was "really" Communist, and whether American withdrawal from Indochina would lead to a "bloodbath." How quaint that all seems now! How much blood does it take to make a bloodbath? To the open-eyed it was no surprise when the Laotian Communists butchered tens of thousands of a small population, when the Vietnamese Communists massacred hundreds of thousands of a much larger one, and when both set up the standard horrors and messes characteristic of the early decades of Communist rule.

But no American predicted, or could have predicted, that it would be the Khmer Rouge, the Cambodian Communists, who would mass-murder millions of their subjects, perhaps three or four million out of a population of only seven or eight million, half of the entire country. Who foretold that Saloth Sar, the Cambodian Communist leader, would hide like a recluse for years after coming to power, making few speeches, granting no interviews, concealing himself under his pseudonym, Pol Pot? Who guessed that he would cut off his country from the entire world, even his Communist allies, admitting nothing, announcing nothing, blocking roads, ending ship and air service, severing telephone and cable connections, so that his government was literally unreachable for days even during international crises?

What nightmare foreshadowed the fate of the Cambodian capital, Phnom



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Penh? When the Communists captured the city, swollen by refugees to two million people, on April 17, 1975, they decreed its immediate and total evacuation, allegedly to avoid (in this case phantom) American air raids. The hospitals were emptied first, the patients hobbling, being carried, being rolled on wheeled beds with their intravenous feeding bags, into the countryside, farther and farther out until they died. And then all the rest of the two million, all out, on foot, with what little they could carry, into the countryside, until they died by the wayside, or were shot for faltering, or were drowned in the paddies to save shot—or until they reached rural "cooperatives," where they were worked to death, starved to death, shot to death, or beaten to death.

Then, in waves, the rest of Cambodia was marked for genocide. All those who had worked for the old regime were summoned, told to write their autobiographies—which would prove their guilt—and murdered. Army officers, who had murdered so many themselves, were told to put on their dress uniforms to meet Prince Norodom Sihanouk; they were then murdered. People with any education at all were considered guilty of having been "privileged" and were murdered. The prevailing Buddhist religion was declared feudal and reactionary; monks and nuns were forcibly disrobed, forcibly married, and mostly murdered. Buddhist temples were closed; Buddhist and other traditional arts and ceremonies were forbidden. The world-famous Cambodian dances were prohibited and the dancers were murdered. The national minorities—Chinese, Thai, Muslim Cham, and Vietnamese—were murdered. The great peasant majority was enslaved on moneyless, mostly foodless collective farms; the peasants worked twenty hours a day until they dropped, by the millions. Finally, most of the Communists themselves were murdered, each district's cadres by troops from another district, including most of the heroes of the "liberation" war.

This was a holocaust that was still capable of shocking the world, numb as it was from so many earlier mass-murders. This was a genocide, in a small country, that was proportionally even greater than the gigantic atrocities of Stalin, Hitler, and Mao.

It sounds like a clumsy propaganda smear, or nihilistic science fiction. But, alas, it was history, and in this book it has found its historian. Elizabeth Becker was a reporter for the *Washington Post* in Cambodia for two years during the Vietnam War. She was then strongly critical of the American bombings in Cambodia, although she knew the Khmer Rouge were murderous. In this book she accuses the Americans of mass-murder, treachery, and above all of massive ignorance and bungling, but she does so without passion, for any American wickedness or error paled before the Khmer Rouge genocide. She is not concerned with statistics; she writes now of "at least a million" dead, now of "almost two million." She is concerned with the human horror, the "voices of Cambodia's people."

Her narrative of modern Cambodian history switches back and forth and is interrupted by these voices: Mey Komphot, who worked in a bank—and then in a slave collective farm; "Chalk Face," a Chinese who was enslaved and tortured for being Chinese; Bophana, who was first reunited with her husband (a Khmer Rouge) and then tortured to death for her privileged background. The technique is somewhat confusing, but who, for the sake of a smooth narrative, would purge these documents by and about the victims of the terror?

Withal, Miss Becker does give a full and complex history of modern Cambodia: the well-intentioned but destructive French rule; the too-clever-by-half treacheries of Prince Norodom Sihanouk; the idiocies of General Lon Nol, who attempted rule by sorcery; the long civil guerrilla war, in which all governments were hopelessly corrupt and inept, and American bombs fell chiefly on peasants who submitted to oncoming doom because they believed what they had been told, that the world was coming to an end. Miss Becker does not place all the blame on the evil inherent in Communism: The Khmer Rouge were so much more brutal than Communist regimes elsewhere that other explanations, she believes, are required, such as the national obsession with the vanished megalomaniac glories of medieval Angkor, Pol Pot's lunatic reclusive nature, the smallness of the Communist Party (only a precarious 14,000 members at the time of the takeover), the fear of being swallowed up by Vietnam


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(which subsequently occurred), the eternal peasant desire to massacre city-dwellers . . . But she does feel that much remains forever inexplicable.

In December 1978 Miss Becker, another American reporter, and a Scots pro-Communist became the first—and last—Western writers invited into Pol Pot's Cambodia. They went on a Potemkin tour of the country, even to the ruins of Angkor, preserved but neglected and covered with bat excrement. To them Pol Pot granted his only press interview: a deranged tirade about how the Vietnamese were conspiring with the Poles and Czechs to invade Cambodia. That night soldiers broke into their guest house, chased Miss Becker into her bathtub, and murdered the Scot, Malcolm Caldwell. Was this a plot by Duch (the chief torturer) to discredit the defense minister? Miss Becker can't be sure. Next morning the shattered survivors were given a farewell ceremony and flown out. Two weeks later the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia. □

# SEXUALITY & SANITY

## M. D. Aeschliman

*Men and Marriage, by George Gilder (Pelican, 219 pp., $15.95)*

MEN AND MARRIAGE—actually a revised edition of *Sexual Suicide*, first published in 1973—is an outstandingly important and well-argued book, strangely moving in its combination of scholarly diligence, common sense, courage, and devotion to the *res publica* of human civilization.

Gilder's thesis is that women are the bearers of civilization: "The role of the mother is the paramount support of civilized human society . . . essential to the socialization both of men and of children." The irony is that many feminists and sexual libertarians will describe Gilder's book as "sexist" without bothering to read it—still less to dispute the vast documentation that it wears so lightly. Full of learned detail, it is nevertheless not an "academic" book at all, rather one written in the belief—essential to a democratic culture—that in its essential aspects life is intelligible to people other than associate professors.

Yet only in Gretna, Louisiana, did Gilder find a publisher willing to bring out *Men and Marriage*, even though the original edition of this book was published by the New York Times Book Company. Well-informed, traditional thinking must seem very dangerous indeed from the vantage point of midtown Manhattan.

Gilder refers back to Durkheim's *Suicide* (1897) in his discussion of the psychological frailty of single men, of their need for the stabilizing bonds of marriage as a way out of the nomadic, rapacious, sometimes ecstatic but always anxious search for short-term sexual conquest; but his sense of the particular contours and textures of contemporary social mores is also acute. Unlike novelists such as Mailer, Miller, Updike, and Roth, he does not celebrate promiscuity and sexual libertarianism, describing instead their terrible depredations in loneliness, divorce, suicide, rape, alcoholism, drug addiction, insanity, bitterness, and despair. He also tries to do in expository prose what no major novelist since Tolstoi has succeeded in doing: to paint the virtues and joys of pious and civilized marriage. Gilder has a social imagination, not in the sense of conceiving fictions, but in his capacity for understanding the real implications of individual acts and habits.

A case in point is his brilliant chapter on homosexuals, entitled "Cruising." Especially in the light of AIDS, this chapter deserves wide and careful reading. Of the homosexual subculture he writes that "Lasting relationships are few, and even men who live as couples tend to cruise separately." It takes courage nowadays to write about homosexual "gratifications so brief and squalid that no society can morally affirm them" and to urge that the "social pressures for heterosexuality should not be relaxed in any way" —not only in the interests of society at large but in the interests of these misguided men themselves: "It is tragic . . . if the cultural ambiance provides too easily for perversion."

Gilder's portrait of the welfare culture and the catastrophe of black illegitimacy rates brilliantly clarifies the basic incentives that can creatively channel human anxiety and aggression. He also judiciously discusses "gender differences in aptitude and performance" as related to the differences "in genetic endowment and psychological propensity between the sexes," points about which a vast smog of confusion is normally generated.

Gilder never simply opines or asserts; the wealth of statistical documentation he brings to bear is enormously impressive. Nor is his defense of monogamous marriage and traditional sex roles unaware of the inevitable strains upon them, though I think he gives inadequate attention to the Faustian nihilism that Daniel Bell and others identify as *the* major cultural contradiction of capitalism.

Gilder cogently argues that "when the infrastructures of sexual discipline collapse" (especially among men) and "stable family order" declines, both the culture and the polity fall into decay. In this regard, his book might well be seen as a modern gloss on Ulysses' great speech on order in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*:

> *Take but degree away, untune that string,*
> *And hark what discord follows! Each thing meets*
> *In mere oppugnancy . . .*

Without the decent, Godly order nourished by sound families, shaped by dedicated mothers and fathers,

> *everything includes itself in power,*
> *Power into will, will into appetite,*
> *And appetite, an universal wolf,*
> *So doubly seconded with will and power,*
> *Must make perforce an universal prey,*
> *And last eat up himself.*

In his chapter "Taming the Barbarians," Gilder considers the crucial socialization of children and men by mothers and wives and documents the effects of appetite—the "universal wolf" —when unleashed by the breakdown of monogamy. Here again, the seductions of the glossy magazine and television versions of sexual libertarianism are in stark contrast to its ugly, boring, and destructive reality. Pleasing pictures mask appalling effects, to the point where the evasion of the common sense of the human race does lead to sexual suicide and social catastrophe. As J. M. Cameron argued ten years ago in his masterly essay "Sex in the Head," without sexual piety and marriage the web of culture comes unraveled, the threads of personal coherence are cut, and the "universal wolf" of nihilism devours a society more thoroughly than any foreign invasion could. □



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# SHIP OF DOOM

## Joe Mysak

*The Paper: The Life and Death of the New York Herald Tribune, by Richard Kluger (Knopf, 801 pp., $24.95)*

GRAVEN INTO THE soul of every right-thinking New York newspaperman is: THE UNIONS KILLED THE HERALD TRIBUNE. Not exactly so, writes Richard Kluger in his history of the newspaper, which closed up shop in 1966.

Mr. Kluger, who served as the last editor of the paper's Sunday book section, here tells a story of heroes, knaves, and fools, of valiant editors, even more heroic reporters, and feuding dynasts. For all its liveliness, however, it is essentially a sad story. Mr. Kluger's is a dark tale, full of treachery and dissipation, incompetence and mismanagement, capped at the end by the greed and intransigence of Big Six, the typographers' union, which finished the job.

The beginning of the end came as early as 1881, when the *Tribune*'s editor, Whitelaw Reid, who had obtained control of the paper either with or without the help of Jay Gould, married an heiress, Elisabeth Mills. Mr. Kluger writes, "The Mills millions turned the paper into a hereditary possession to be sustained as a public duty rather than developed as a profit-making opportunity. In that loss of dynamism were planted the seeds of its doom."

That line is on page 140, leaving more than six hundred pages of nearly unrelenting dirge. Along the way, Mr. Kluger provides the big picture of money, office politics, declining circulation, and shrinking advertising linage, as the ship moves inexorably toward its fate. He also includes dozens of character studies of those on the bridge as well as those in the engine room. Best of all, from a newspaperman's perspective, is the How I Got That Story stuff, ranging from Gettysburg to Anzio, from the Yankees dugout to the Empire State Building after a B-26 bomber crashed into the 79th floor. The author's research is impeccable, and impressive to anyone who has ever expended shoe leather to "get the story."

Mr. Kluger tells not only why there is no more *Herald Tribune*, but also why New York City, which once enjoyed 25 daily newspapers, now must content itself with one morning broadsheet and a couple of tabloids. What amazed readers of the paper in 1966 will still amaze readers of *The Paper* two decades later, to wit, How could something so excellent in content and design, so big and vital and legitimate, a virtual *Titanic* among newspapers, go down?

Kluger puts the blame squarely on the Reids, who siphoned off profits instead of plowing them back into improvements, as was done at the *New York Times*, a less imaginative but far more comprehensive journal. During the watch of Ogden Reid, son of Whitelaw, from 1912 to 1947, the paper experienced its Golden Age. Even then, *Tribune* journalists relied on their ability to out-write and out-edit the *Times*, with fewer resources than The Paper of Record. When revenues declined, instead of improving the product, the *Tribune*'s owners cut the editorial budget, with disastrous results.

And at the critical juncture, the Reids faltered. "The real trouble was that Helen Reid began to be blinded by dynastic pride," Mr. Kluger writes. "Instead of reaching outside the family or the paper for a strong hand to shape it editorially," she chose her

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*Surely no editor has ever had a more cantankerous stable of writers. Aesop, Chaucer, Cervantes, Stevenson, Kipling, Pyle, Andersen, the Grimms... Where did (they) find such a crowd of sundry folk? But then, I know. It was on a pilgrimage.*

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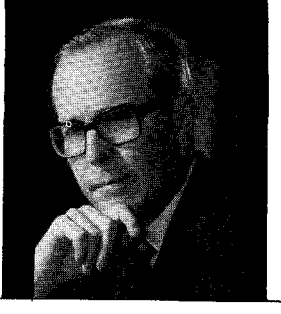

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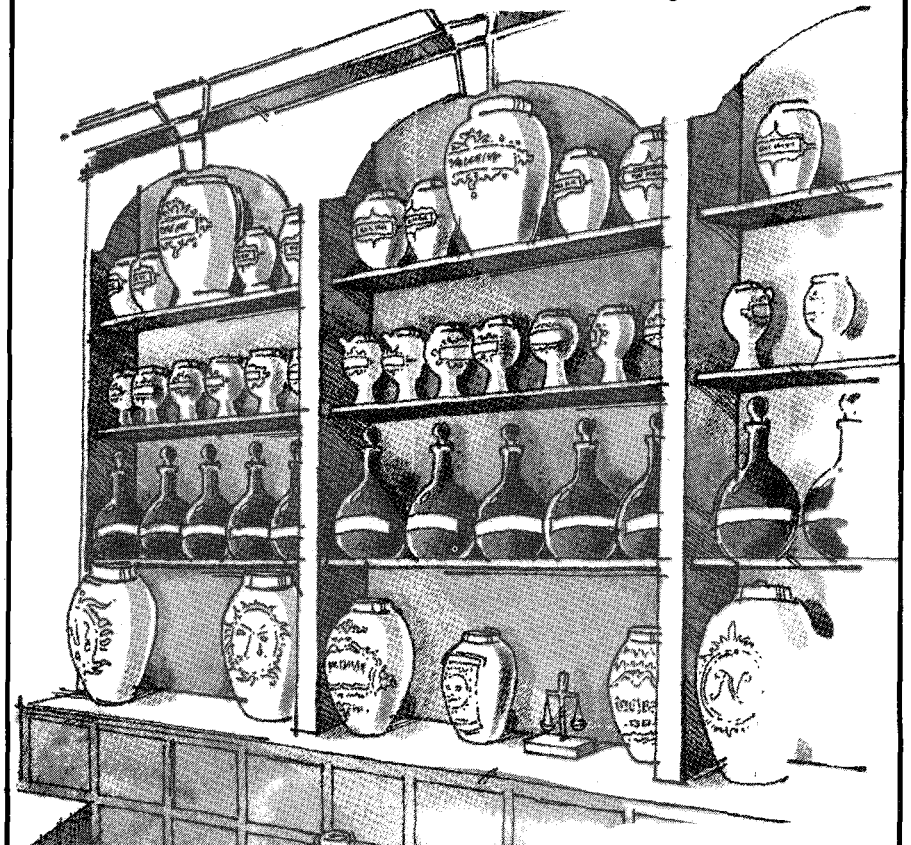

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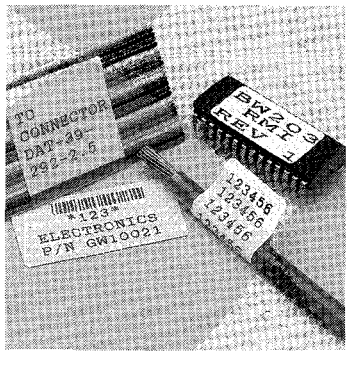


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sons, the chromatically nicknamed Whitie and Brownie, after Ogden died in 1947. They took the *Tribune*, stretched thin but still on top, and blundered along until, by the time John Hay Whitney acquired the paper in 1958, it was a losing proposition.

"Whitney's real choices were either to give up the ghost then and there . . . or to make a serious commitment of working capital to alter [the] competitive position. He did neither; instead, he kept paying the bills and hop-against hope that something would turn up," writes Mr. Kluger. By the time Big Six became militant, there was no slack. Yet in many ways, the *Tribune* under Whitney was the most interesting and influential it had ever been, graphically and editorially, featuring such stars as Jimmy Breslin, Tom Wolfe, Dick Schaap, and Sunday magazine editor Clay Felker, all under the editorship of James Bellows, who went on to revivify the *Washington Star*. (The *Star* shut down in 1981.)

The death of a newspaper, as patriots know, is a grievous thing. Richard Kluger writes of a death 21 years distant, and makes us care. One caveat: Readers looking for political insight about the citadel of "Eastern Republicanism" will have to look elsewhere. Mr. Kluger lives in a world where "progressives" are always virtuous, where Senator McCarthy is forever Herblock's Black Prince, and where it is apparently a mark of great wit to say that someone has "the intelligence of Coolidge and Goldwater combined." □

## A WORLD OF WORDS

### J. O. Tate

*Johnson's Dictionary and the Language of Learning, by Robert DeMaria Jr. (North Carolina, 303 pp., $25)*

THOMAS CARLYLE claimed that "Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man." Since then, the "genuine man" has sometimes obscured the "great intellect." We tend too often to dismiss the *Dictionary* with clichés, so that nearly everyone knows Samuel Johnson's definitions of *lexicographer* ("a harm-

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less drudge") and *network* ("anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections") and *oats* (let's twit the Scots) and *Whig* (them too) and *pension* and so on. But such an understanding of the *Dictionary* is as misleading as it is shallow.

The truth is that Johnson's definitions, so far from being "quaint," are "stunning . . . for unpretentiousness, economy, and point," as Paul Fussell has written. Yet Fussell goes on to say, in his *Samuel Johnson and the Life of Writing* (1971), that these definitions

> are still not his greatest achievement in the *Dictionary*. To appreciate what that is, we must turn to the copious illustrative quotations—there are some 114,000 of them—and consider their function and meaning. As early as the *Plan* he was indicating his ambition to make the *Dictionary* not just a philological resource but a virtual dictionary of quotations as well, and even better, a special kind of dictionary of quotations, one that might constitute an anthology of intelligence, wisdom, and piety. . . .

Fussell went on, though for only a few pages, to make strong points about the impact of Johnson's illustrative quotations.

Now, in Professor DeMaria's work, we have a bold and extended analysis of the intellectual world of the *Dictionary*. DeMaria asks us to see, or rather shows us how to see, the *Dic-*

# THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IN HIS BRILLIANT *The Ordeal of Civility*, John Murray Cuddihy argued that the essence of modernity lies in distinctions, differentiations, separations. As we proceed further, however, into what John Lukacs has defined as post-modernity, we see, everywhere, the erosion of these divisions. This process, which has been for many years apparent in politics and economics, has since the 1950s effected an evolutionary trend in the arts and, since the 1960s, in religion as well, to the point where men of all faiths are coming to sound increasingly like converts to Unitarianism-Universalism. At the top, that is, of the respective churchly pyramids —certainly not in the lower echelons, if we are to believe James L. Tyson, author of *Prophets or Useful Idiots: Church Organizations Attacking U.S. Central American Policy* (Center for Public Diplomacy Studies, The Council for the Defense of Freedom, 1275 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016; $6.50). As the various American denominations, in their highest councils, appear to have abandoned a commitment to historical theologies, the better to concern themselves with what Tyson calls "the progress of human beings in this life," the laity shows signs of restiveness.

Since the 1970s, senators, congressmen, and members of successive presidential Administrations have been made acutely aware of the hostility of American church groups to even the most vaguely assertive foreign-policy feints, in particular those aimed at ameliorating the continuing crisis in Latin America. Many of the churchmen most prominent in this regard do not discourage the application of the term "prophet" and "prophetic" to themselves and their activities; though, as Tyson reminds us,

> In reality there is a tremendous contrast between their pronouncements and those of the Old Testament prophets. The ancient prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others, called upon the people of Israel to give up their immoral ways, to return to God, or risk being conquered by the pagan Assyrians or Babylonians. The twentieth-century aspirants to the prophets' robes are urging almost opposite positions. They are highly tolerant on moral standards, on such issues as divorce, extramarital relations, drug use, etc. And far from warning us against the horrors of conquest by a Godless enemy, they in fact are advising appeasement and virtual surrender.

"To what extent," he wonders, "are these church leaders being manipulated by the Communist propaganda apparatus?" And to what extent do their protests reflect the sentiments of their respective laities?

The main-line religious denominations in America have earned a wide hearing among politicians ready to jump to such conclusions as that "seventy million Protestants can't be wrong." Yet, where is the evidence that these seventy million are spoken for by the central offices of American Protestantism? According to Tyson, there simply is none:

> First, some of the most activist denominations do not in fact represent all the believers in the categories their names imply. For example, the *American* Baptist Church, which has been the most outspoken in that denomination, is only one of several groups of Baptists in the U.S. . . . Secondly, even when a denomination has taken an official stand, the central office usually does not have the authority to speak *for* the entire denomination on matters of foreign affairs [but merely *to* it]. . . . For interdenominational groups like the National Council of Churches, Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, or the Inter-Religious Task Force, the connection with people in the pews is even more remote.

Out of seventy million American Protestants, only 19 million belong to denominations whose leaderships have adopted an official policy against aid to the Nicaraguan rebels; and there must be many among those 19 million who support such aid. When, in 1980, the NCC took a survey of American public opinion across a spectrum of issues, it was discomfited to discover that the great majority of the citizenry (and presumably therefore of churchgoers) was much more moderate than officials of the NCC—which promptly attempted to suppress the findings.

From the time of Lenin until roughly the early 1960s, examples of Communist and left-wing infiltration of the American clergy abound. Since the Sixties, however, while the record reveals the presence of fewer Communists *within* the churches, examples of direct links between church bodies and Communist and other subversive organizations have dramatically increased. As the prospect of the installation of the first Communist dictatorship on the North American continent draws closer, Tyson wonders whether we are letting our vaunted American idealism be manipulated and abused by skilled propagandists. Americans who take their beliefs seriously, he suggests, should examine more closely the actions of their churches and, when necessary, involve themselves in reshaping their guiding denominational policies. □



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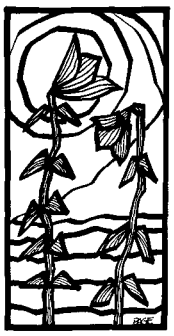
*tionary* as a disguised encyclopedia. Johnson called this work "my Book," and DeMaria describes it as "both a word book and a combination of all other literary kinds, a quintessential book of books . . ." The *Dictionary* is not merely a philological conflation but a Menippean satire, or anatomy, as defined by Northrop Frye. The "exhaustive erudition" and "conflict of ideas" noted by Frye are seen in the *Dictionary*'s elaborate arrangement of illustrative quotations in dialogues or colloquies created by Johnson's juxtapositions. So lit up by the glare of generic distinction, Johnson's *Dictionary* begins to show its covert connections with works of Boethius, Erasmus, and Burton. In that light, Johnson's "personal" definitions and illustrations are better seen as sometimes ironic or even satirical formulations that encapsulate, exemplify, and examine learning, knowledge, and wisdom.

As Fussell said, "To read an entry in the *Dictionary* is to undergo an intellectual and ethical overhaul. Johnson defines and at the same time does something else." DeMaria's explanations and explications of the "something else" are the most intensive such analyses we have seen of the world, the assumptions, the ideology, even the contradictions of the *Dictionary*. Finding Johnson's forerunners in such Renaissance productions as the *Forum Romanorum* of Caelius Secundus Curione (1561) and the *Thesaurus Eruditis Scholasticae* of Basilius Faber (1587), DeMaria sees Johnson's Book as a "Forum Britannorum," "a symposium of writers discoursing on the whole round of learning." The pedagogical and moral implications are teased out as DeMaria turns the Book not upside down but inside out. As DeMaria says of Johnson, "In his definition of 'cross-row' he comes close to summoning up the whole meaning of his book: He defines the word simply as 'Alphabet,' but then he explains that it is 'so named because a cross is placed at the beginning, to shew that the end of learning is piety.' "



Following the language and divisions known to Bacon and Locke—major authorities in the *Dictionary*—DeMaria has used topics or "heads" that release the illustrative quotations to speak to each other and us, freed of the arbitrary segregations of the alphabet and even of their immediate defining and illustrative function. Having organized in large scale the meanings released by his reshuffling of the illustrative quotations under such heads as Knowledge, Ignorance, Truth, Mind, Education, and so on, Professor DeMaria has interpreted the nuances of these quotations with a wealth of scholarly information, historical consciousness, and poetic sensitivity. Indeed, "lexicography aspires to the dreams of poetry" in more than one way. DeMaria identifies Pope as the poet of the *Dictionary*; and the complexity that this may entail can be seen in the citation from him under so unlikely a word as "beer."

*Flow, Welsted! flow, like thine inspirer,*
beer;
*Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet*
*never clear;*
*So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly*
*dull;*
*Heady, not strong; and foaming, tho'*
*not full.*

Would an enquiring citizen eager for knowledge of "beer" also like to have an object lesson of satire, of wit, of aesthetic and therefore moral standards? Of parallelism and alliteration, of poetic mastery? And would that beer-minded person also appreciate a virtuoso's razzle-dazzle in surpassing the famous lines implied—by Denham, from *Cooper's Hill* (1642), addressed seriously to the Thames, not parodistically to beer?

*O could I flow like thee, and make*
*thy stream*
*My great example, as it is my theme:*
*Though deep yet clear, though gentle*
*yet not dull,*
*Strong without rage, without*
*o'erflowing full!*

But such liquid effusions are just one detail, for we have all of DeMaria's weighty analyses of the serious play of the quotations to consider. Whether underlining a moral meaning, or waving a *memento mori*, or satirizing the vanity of learning, or exhorting the reader to stop what he is doing, or reminding us of the primacy of the Creator, Johnson's encyclopedic world of learning is profusely illustrated by the quotations he excerpted from his voluminous reading.

Robert DeMaria Jr.'s dense and demanding book is highly recommended to all Johnsonians, and to those interested in the culture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His study of the result and implications of Johnson's hard labor and massive erudition is itself a monument to Johnson's achievement: accomplishing for his language in nine years what took the forty members of the French Academy 55 years for theirs. No wonder Johnson could tell Boswell, years after the *Dictionary* was behind him, "I knew very well what I was undertaking—and very well how to do it—and have done it very well." □

# THE HERMIT OF AIX

## Jeffrey Meyers

*Cézanne: A Biography, by John Rewald (Abrams, 288 pp., $75)*

THIS EXCEPTIONALLY handsome volume contains 270 illustrations, including many photographs of the people and places painted by Paul Cézanne (1839-1906). But the stale, sketchy, and pedestrian text does not match the superb design and color of this book.

Rewald attempts "to let the facts speak for themselves, to rely chiefly on documents and witness accounts, to quote from the originals whenever possible, and thus bring the reader into direct contact with the historic evidence." But he presents these dull documents without analysis or commentary. He describes the external events of the life, but offers no interpretation of motives, no penetration to the inner man. Rewald writes that the young Cézanne "began to feel vaguely that painting was his real vocation" and tells us that the painter said his wife (who usually lived apart from him) "likes only Switzerland and lemonade." But Rewald does not explain what drew Cézanne to painting or attracted him to his wife—whom he hid from his father and married 14 years after their son was born. This revised edition of Rewald's Sorbonne thesis, *Cézanne et Zola*, originally published in 1936, puts too much emphasis on the relations of artist and author, and includes an awkward and repetitive chapter, first published in 1977, on the late motifs in the paintings. Rewald



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assumes Cézanne's greatness instead of revealing it through a detailed consideration of his major works.

Cézanne's father, a hat merchant and wealthy banker in Aix-en-Provence, married his wife five years after Paul's birth and left his son a great fortune in 1886. The father was characterized as "mocking, republican, bourgeois, cold, meticulous, stingy. He refuses to give his wife luxury, talks a lot, and doesn't care what others do or think." He opposed Paul's artistic career and urged him to "think of the future, for one dies with genius, but eats with money."

A friend described the young Cézanne as tall and thin, "bearded, with knotty joints and a strong head. A very delicate nose hidden in the mustache, eyes narrow and clear . . . deep in his eyes, great tenderness. His voice was loud." Later in life, when Cézanne's "savage" disdain for convention had become intensified and he had retreated into isolation to avoid the "clutches" of priests and art dealers, the American painter Mary Cassatt "thought he looked like a cutthroat with large red eyeballs standing out from his head in a most ferocious manner."

When Cézanne began his art training in Paris in 1861, the academic "tendency to prettify forms and colors, the choice of so-called noble subjects and picturesque scenery," dominated the ateliers and salons, and destroyed most feeling for closely observed reality. Influenced by Eugène Delacroix and Gustave Courbet, Cézanne's work expressed dramatic exuberance and violent chromatic contrasts. A weak draftsman who rejected linear painting, Cézanne tried to achieve form through blocks of color. He attempted to make the blurs of Impressionism—originally a mocking term that was defiantly accepted by the artists themselves—into something solid and durable.

Emile Zola, who had met Cézanne when they both were boys but did not fully understand him, portrayed the painter in his novel *L'Œuvre* (1886) as an abortive genius who ends in madness and suicide. Yet Zola seemed surprised when his touchy friend took offense at the portrait and ended their lifelong connection. Though Cézanne was universally condemned by the critics as "a sort of madman who paints in delirium tremens," he was highly respected by the great contemporaries who knew him personally: Manet, Renoir, Gauguin. Camille Pissarro, who had been the first to recognize Cézanne, became his master and never lost confidence in his genius. And Monet admiringly observed: "He is nothing but an eye, yet what an eye!"

Although, as Rewald points out, there are neither cylinders nor cones in Cézanne's work, his famous injunction to "see in nature the cylinder, the sphere, the cone, putting everything in proper perspective, so that each side of an object or a plane is directed toward a central point," was adopted first by the Cubists and then by succeeding generations of abstract artists. In the 1920s, when Gertrude Stein made it fashionable to claim a visual rather than a verbal master, Hemingway pretentiously maintained that Cézanne's painting taught him to give more depth and dimension to his prose. It is highly ironic that the painter who was almost completely rejected in his own time became the "father of modern art" and that his current reputation rests as much on his influence as on his actual achievement. □

# TELEVISION

## LITTLE GULAG ON THE PRAIRIE

### Terry Teachout

THE BARE FACTS are astonishing enough. ABC, the network that brought us Sam Donaldson and *The Day After*, is staking $35 million and some 15 hours of its choicest prime time during the February ratings sweeps on the mini-series *Amerika*, which depicts in lascivious detail the horrors of an imaginary Soviet occupation of the United States. One hardly knows what to think. It's as if PBS had followed up *The Africans* with a ten-part Masterpiece Theatre version of *Atlas Shrugged*.

Needless to say, the Russians are foaming at the mouth at the prospect of so relentless an exercise in Commie-bashing. But the irony is that they have only themselves to blame. Their crude attempt last January to blackmail ABC into scrapping *Amerika* by threatening to shut down the network's


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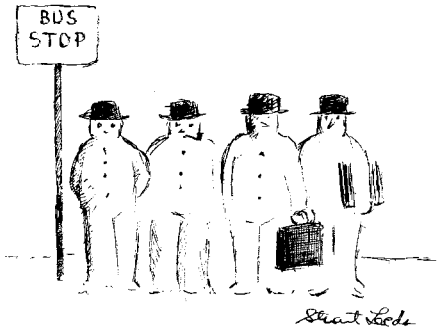
Moscow news bureau made it impossible for Brandon Stoddard and ABC Circle Films to weasel out of producing the series. Matters were made considerably worse when the American Friends Service Committee got hold of a copy of the shooting script and leaked it to various left-wing journalists, most of whom have denounced it with extraordinary ferocity. (I sat two rows ahead of a *Rolling Stone* correspondent at an *Amerika* screening. You could *hear* the sneer on his face.) There's even an organization operating out of New York that was apparently started solely to issue irate press releases about *Amerika*.

What's all the fuss about? Not surprisingly, ABC is playing dumb. "The film in no way is another one of those films like *Red Dawn* or *Rocky IV* or anything like that," says Donald Wrye, the writer-director-producer of *Amerika*. "It's not intended to be taken literally. It certainly isn't intended to express any kind of Paul Revere alarm that the Russians are coming." But Mr. Wrye is not very convincing in disclaiming any political intent. *Amerika* is the single most politicized piece of entertainment, left or right, to make its way onto the small screen since *I Led Three Lives*.

Nor are we talking your standard squishy-soft Hollywood-style leftoid politics. The script of *Amerika* constitutes a veritable wish list of the American Right, with no ideological axes left unground. The fall of America is attributed to a moral malaise the likes of which Jimmy Carter never imagined. ("Half the people just want to be left alone to make it however they can. A quarter of the population is so strung out on drugs and alcohol they wouldn't recognize a change even if




they cared.") Teachers in the New America encourage their charges to join a Young Communist-type outfit called the Lincoln Youth Brigade. Behavior modification, analysis, the United Nations, MTV, and the media elite are trashed with shameless glee. ("Some in the media have seen this occupation as an opportunity for social revolution and the establishment of a new order.") And liberal idealists are savaged, with the most egregious of the American collaborators made to explain her treachery as follows:

> We—many of us—took the opportunity to create an America we believe in. There were millions of people who never participated in the so-called American Dream. Ten to 15 per cent of the people were an underclass—perpetually on welfare, recidivist criminals, undereducated.

Granting that Donald Wrye, whose previous screen credits include such innocuous-sounding productions as *Ice Castles*, *Divorce Wars*, *It Happened One Christmas*, and *Death Be Not Proud*, may actually be a secret member of the Eagle Forum, it nonetheless strains credulity to suppose that one single Hollywood writer could have come up with all of this juicy stuff by himself. Enter Reed Irvine. Taking his cue from a column by Ben Stein written shortly after ABC broadcast *The Day After*, Mr. Irvine started pressuring ABC to do a mini-series about American life under a hypothetical Soviet occupation, introduced a resolution at a post-*Day After* ABC board meeting calling for an investigation into whether the network was being used as a channel for Soviet disinformation, sent Brandon Stoddard a scenario for the fall of America that bears a certain resemblance to the final shooting script for *Amerika*, and supplied information and advice to Wrye's research team.

But don't jump to the conclusion that *Amerika* represents Reed Irvine's ultimate revenge on the television business. Despite a deceptively heavy overlay of conservative iconography, *Amerika* is strictly commercial from beginning to end. Long shots of the Nebraska prairies alternate with steamily sadomasochistic sex scenes. All the safest patriotic buttons are pushed incessantly. ("I'm happy as hell there was a Washington—a Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, a Martin Luther King—even a John Kennedy.") And the cast of characters embodies every mossy theatrical cliché imaginable: the weatherbeaten man of the people who keeps mumbling into his beard about Lincoln, the "good" Russian whose grandfather was sent to Siberia on Stalin's orders, the brittle and ambitious beauty who sleeps her way to the top. George Orwell, working with a similar story idea, came up with *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. This version is more like a cross between *The Dynasty Archipelago* and *Little Gulag on the Prairie*.

One aspect of *Amerika*, however, is beyond reproach. The prospect of its broadcast has deeply annoyed a particularly nasty bunch of media types and wet politicians. *The Village Voice* calls *Amerika* a "hysterical concoction of anti-Soviet paranoia and soap-opera sex." *Newsweek* huffs that "12 hours [the series has since grown] of exposure to brutal Communist rule . . . could influence public opinion about U.S.-Soviet arms-control talks." (Good point.) Elliot Richardson grumbles about "McCarthyesque" and "xenophobic" overtones in the script. And Nikolai Vishnevsky of the Novosti "news agency" warns that the airing of *Amerika* will "boost anti-Sovietism." Anyone who sincerely feels that the boosting of anti-Sovietism is a thing to be avoided should stay away from his television this month. Me, I wouldn't miss it for the world. □

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# BOOKS IN BRIEF

*The Great Chinese Revolution: 1800-1985, by John King Fairbank (Harper & Row, 396 pp., $20.95)*

ONE OPENS this book with anticipation. Professor Fairbank's basic position on Chinese developments over the years, especially since 1949, has been, "Whatever is in China, is right." →



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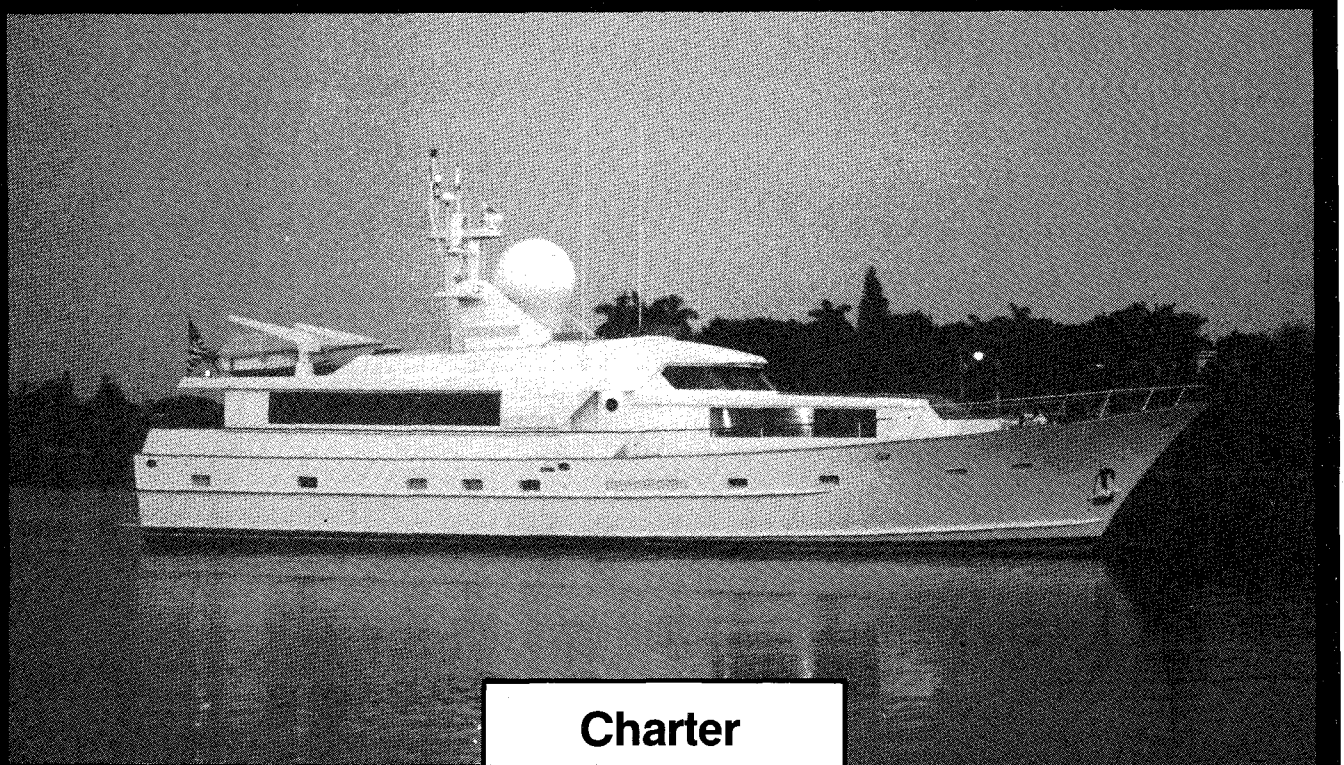

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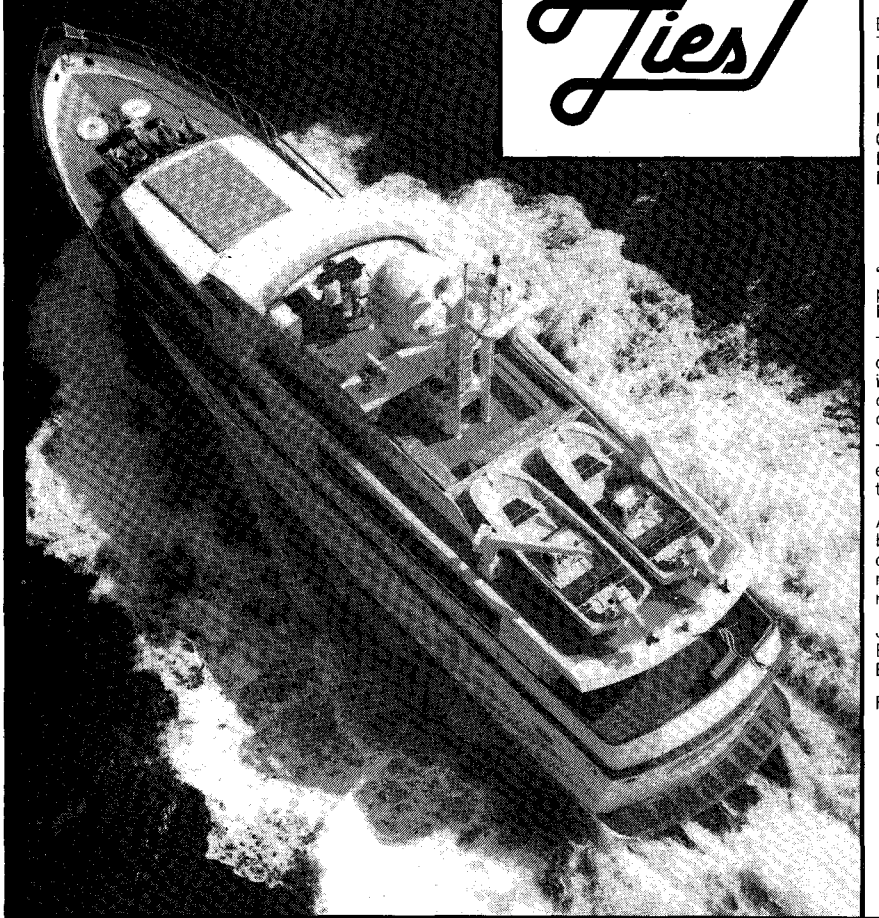

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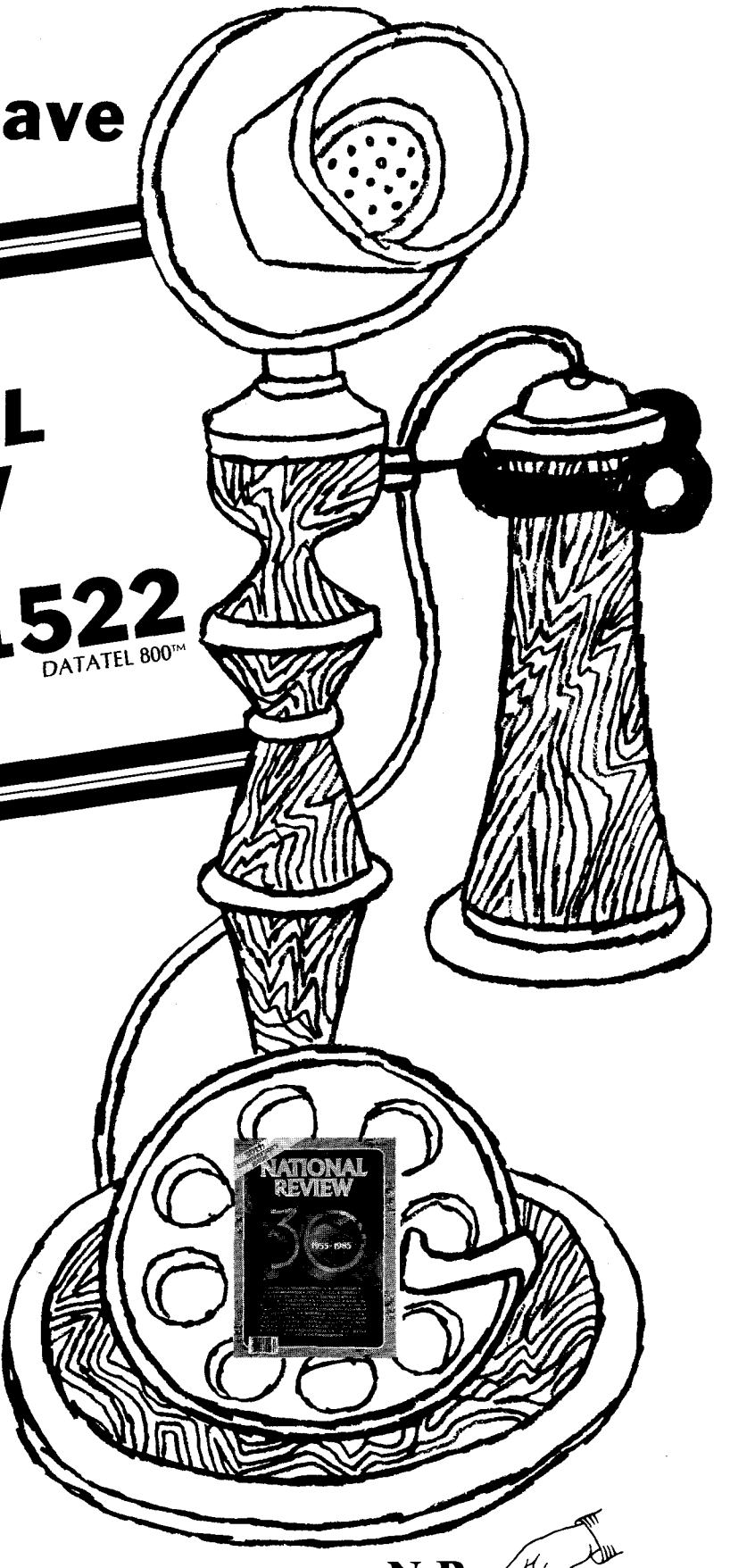


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This has led him into certain grotesque judgments (e.g., "the Maoist revolution is, on the whole, the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in centuries"). Still, he has been studying Chinese history since 1929, and could be expected to know an awful lot. But I finished this chaotic, vilely written book scarcely less ignorant than when I began it. There is an interesting discussion of the practice of foot binding, a handy running account of the career of Deng Xiaoping, and, on the bottom of page 180, one well-written sentence. The rest is desolation.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

*Time Is All We Have: Four Weeks at the Betty Ford Center, by Barnaby Conrad (Arbor House, 272 pp., $17.95)*

THOSE WHO have no reason to fear any possibility that they may be alcoholics or latent alcoholics can skip this book, provided they accept the risk of skipping a book written by Barnaby Conrad. He has written 17 since his initial best-seller, *Matador*, which plays a narrative role in this illuminating autobiography of an alcoholic who has been "cured," a word one properly puts inside quotation marks because alcoholics (I was one; I am, technically, still one, even if 27 years have gone by since I tasted the stuff) are never cured, they simply learn that they are happier—yes, happier—not drinking. The story told by Barnaby Conrad, with his usual felicity of expression, recounts what he had been afraid to face before that critical day when his son presented him with a check sufficient to cover his expenses ($6,000) at the Betty Ford Center, a spectacularly successful detoxifier of body and soul, which has graduated such luminaries as Liza Minnelli, Elizabeth Taylor, Tony Curtis, and Robert Mitchum, and uses the basic procedures of Alcoholics Anonymous. Why then six thousand bucks, when AA is free, and available around the clock? "Betty Ford gives you the equivalent of about two years of AA in one month," Conrad writes. This is an engrossing account of the means by which an unhealthy habit at best (drunks get such things as cirrhosis of the liver), a calamitous tragedy at worst (drunks run over people, including wives and children) is extruded from the system by those who are confident that when the patient experiences health, he/she

will experience the joys of deliverance. A fine book, told by an artist who, approaching age 63, decided to be reborn, a gift to himself, and to the literary and artistic community.

CHARLES WALLEN JR.

**REYNOLDS**

(Continued from page 41)

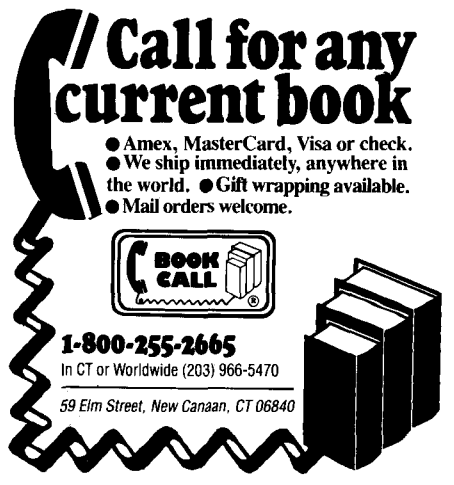
and dividend income, making it easier to raise capital.

The supply-side objective is to reduce high *marginal* tax rates on added income—thus reducing the barrier to added output—but not necessarily to reduce average tax rates, much less real revenues. Keynesian economists in Europe often misunderstand tax-reform proposals as a call for larger budget deficits. On the contrary, the countries with the highest marginal tax rates already have incredibly huge and stubborn budget deficits, because their private economies, and therefore their tax bases, are either going underground or moving abroad or simply giving up. It is *because* of steep marginal tax rates, not despite such rates, that the individual income tax only collects 2 per cent of GDP in Mexico, 4 per cent in Greece, and 6 per cent in France—compared to 11 to 12 per cent in the United States. Oppressive tax rates are a luxury that Europe and the LDCs can no longer afford.

Reducing top tax rates in the United Kingdom from 83 to 60 per cent raised the share of income taxes paid by the most affluent 5 per cent of taxpayers from 23.4 per cent in 1979-80 to 26.7 per cent in 1985-86. In the U.S., with a deeper tax cut, the share of federal income tax collected from the top 5 per cent rose from 35.3 per cent in 1981 to 38.9 per cent in 1984. Larry Lindsey of Harvard estimates that cutting the highest U.S. tax rates involved no revenue loss, even in the short run, and that tax rates above the 33 to 41 per cent range probably yield no more revenue.

The immediate outlook has already gotten a little brighter. Though *Business Week* recently "reported" that supply-side economics is out of vogue, significant cuts in marginal tax rates either have been enacted or are currently being planned in nearly two dozen countries representing well over half the world's population. Since the late 1970s, the highest tax rates on individual income have already been reduced, though rather timidly, in several European countries. Only one of these countries, Turkey, instituted a really significant reduction, from 68 to 50 per cent: It has since experienced by far the fastest economic growth in Europe—7 per cent in 1986 alone. Smaller economies have very recently enacted relatively bold reforms to lower the highest tax rates, including Jamaica (from 58 to 33 per cent), New Zealand (65 to 48 per cent), the Philippines (60 to 35 per cent), Mexico (60 to 50 per cent), and Israel (60 to 48 per cent). India has reduced its top rate from 65 to 50 per cent; the Bombay stock market doubled, and *The Economist* reported that individual tax revenues rose by 40 per cent in one year. China in effect instituted a zero marginal tax rate on added farm output; from 1982 to 1985 real growth averaged 10.4 per cent a year, and tax revenues rose by 53 per cent in real terms. Other reforms explicitly designed to reduce high marginal tax rates are planned in Canada, Japan, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and perhaps even the Netherlands.

Tax-reduction competition is sweeping across the globe even faster than Proposition 13 spread from California to Massachusetts. Fortunately, the hysteria of backward-thinking economics is only dominant in journalism, not in the real world. □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## ALL MIXED UP ON MARTIN LUTHER KING

*NEW YORK, JAN. 23*

IF YOU WANT to see an exercise in thought control, consider the matter of the Reverend Martin Luther King and his increasingly publicized womanizing. I have been writing about Dr. King since 1955 and have not once mentioned the matter of the sex tapes (I wrote in favor of a national holiday in his honor), but too much—defined as the recent treatment of them in *Time* magazine and elsewhere—is too much. What is scandalous, we are led to believe, is exclusively the tapes' existence and the uses to which they were put by the FBI. What we are not permitted to meditate is whether the subject matter of those tapes was scandalous.

Mr. Jack White of *Time* mag, discussing a new book about Dr. King by David Garrow of New York's City College, writes about the "danger" King runs "of being transformed from a flesh-and-blood hero to a gauzy legend." The author's punch is quickly telegraphed: An ordained minister who is married and faithful to his wife suffers the hazard of becoming a "gauzy legend." One is best rescued from such an awful fate by having numerous sexual affairs in numerous motels, including a liaison of long standing that "increasingly became the emotional centerpiece" of his life. The reviewer goes on: The book "sheds a revealing new light on King's human side" —regular philandering—"and on the vicious secret pressures he faced from the FBI. The complex and convincing portrait . . . describes how the bureau under J. Edgar Hoover tried to blackmail and intimidate King with tapes of his sexual encounters and how it attempted to discredit him by spreading reports about his love life after he refused to break off his friendship with a suspected Communist agent."

The story is that Dr. King was close to a suspected Communist, and President Kennedy drew him to one side at a White House function and warned him that if the civil-rights movement got entangled with the Communist movement, it would suffer. King did not suspend his contacts with the suspect, quite the contrary: He was introduced to and admitted into his entourage yet another Communist suspect. At which point Robert Kennedy "reluctantly"—we are not told by the reviewer how that reluctance was expressed—"acceded to Hoover's plea to bug King's hotel rooms. That . . . provided a lode of scandalous data about King's philandering. The FBI wasted no time in circulating gamy samples of the recordings to government officials, friendly journalists, and even King's wife in an attempt to persuade King to withdraw from an active role in the movement."

There is a whole lot set up in these sentences, which amounts to thought control in the grand manner. We need to begin by asking, Why were the data "scandalous"? Presumably because the American public does not approve of philandering, especially by ministers of the Gospel. Sinclair Lewis wrote a novel introducing a name into the permanent literature of hypocrisy: Elmer Gantry. He was the fundamentalist minister who preached during the day and fornicated during the night. But we had just been warned against King's being made a "gauzy legend," from which he is now rescued by being shown to have been, instead, a "flesh-and-blood hero." Well, then, does it follow that we owe a debt to Robert Kennedy and to the FBI for rescuing the Republic from an impression of Martin Luther King not only as a moralizer, but also as a moral man?

But the reviewer is not done. He concludes that now we know "of the complex man and his struggles with the FBI—and with himself—[providing us with] a deeper appreciation of the larger crusade he waged. The book does not diminish the heroic nature of his struggle, but instead makes it more real."

What exactly is the meaning of that? We all know that all men are sinners, we all know that all men are subject to great temptations, but do we not also know that heroism is in part defined by resistance to temptation? Last week a two-hour drama on J. Edgar Hoover was shown on cable television. In it Harry Truman and Jack and Bobby Kennedy, in sharp contrast to J. Edgar Hoover, resisted the temptation to pry into the private lives of their adversaries—a point that runs rather awkwardly into the account of the direct participation of Robert Kennedy in the bugging of the motel rooms. Still, are we or are we not saying that that which is scandalous is that which offends the public ethic, and that even though we know about the prevalence of sin, we honor especially those who struggle successfully not only to preach the Commandments of God, but to follow them? □

## GEORGE WILL OVERBOARD

*NEW YORK, JAN. 26*

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND George Will has gone not-quite-right on the matter of the Palestinians/Israel/the Vatican/Cardinal O'Connor/history. It all began with a vituperative attack on the Vatican at the end of the David Brinkley Sunday hour. Will referred to the "Vatican's contemptible behavior toward the Holocaust" and its "continuing contemptible behavior toward Israel." He voiced his suspicion "that there is a residual anti-Semitism at work in Vatican policy" and suggested that the appropriate remedy was for the United States instantly to establish its embassy "not just [in] Jerusalem, but in East Jerusalem . . . thereby underscoring the fact that a united Jerusalem is and forever shall be the capital of Israel."

And then in his syndicated column for January 15 he ripped into Cardinal O'Connor's innocent tribute to the Holocaust Museum: The cardinal, whose emotions are copiously expressed, had said reverently that the Holocaust "may be an enormous gift that Judaism has given the world." Will transformed those words into an endorsement of the Holocaust on the grounds



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that it gives us something to grieve over. Those who indulge in such perverse readings of an impulsive response by a transparently good man should bear in mind that Christendom celebrates as its primary day of joy the day of the Resurrection: which could not have happened save for Christ crucified. If the analogy was inappropriate, the sentiments clearly were not.

But George Will is losing sight of rather a lot of things, the first of them being that it was Israel that invited Cardinal O'Connor to the Mideast, encouraging him to use his resources as a cleric in order to advance the possibility of peace. The problem with devising peaceful solutions in the Mideast, where George Will is concerned, is that he sees there only a single position: Israel's—at all times, in all places. George sometimes sounds a little like Rabbi Kahane, who is properly scorned by the majority of Israelis for his anti-Palestinian fundamentalism. If progress of any kind is going to be made in that part of the world, you don't begin by siding with Israel on every single point.

The overwhelming majority of the governments of the world do not recognize Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. This is not a collective venture in anti-Semitism. It has to do with the UN Resolution that gave birth to the state of Israel. That resolution, which the United States and much of the rest of the world backed, called for the internationalization of Jerusalem. In the ensuing hostilities, the western half of Jerusalem was occupied by the Israelis, the eastern half by Jordan; and 19 years later Israel won the eastern half by force of arms. There is no pressing need for the United States (or for the Vatican) to overrule the UN verdict when dealing with the most sacred acreage in the world, sacred to Muslim, Jew, and Christian. On the matter of recognition of Israel by the Vatican, Mr. Will is simply incorrect. According to going rules (set down in *Satow's Guide to Diplomatic Practice*, Section 9.14), the formal exchanges between the Vatican and Israel over the years amount to de facto diplomatic recognition.

In 1964 Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy* accused Pope Pius XII of indifference to the Holocaust. Ever since, scholars have probed to define his role. We know that in his Christmas message in 1942 the Pope urged all Catholics to give shelter wherever they could: "Humanity should help the Jews who for reason of their faith have been marked for death." When Pius XII died, Israeli UN representative and future Prime Minister Golda Meir said of him on the floor of the United Nations, "During the ten years of Nazi terror, when our people went through the horrors of martyrdom, the Pope raised his voice to condemn the persecutors and to commiserate with their victims."

There was one line—the final line in Will's column—that causes true pain. Concerning Cardinal O'Connor's statement that obviously he needed to obey the Vatican on the matter of where he could meet with Israeli officials, George Will commented: "Israelis have heard his alibi before: He was only obeying orders." George Will seems to be saying that at the next Nuremberg trial, Cardinal O'Connor would be up for a crime against humanity. He must know (he does; I am merely reminding him) that rhetorical abuses can also be crimes against humanity. □

# WARNING: MANIPULATION AHEAD

*NEW YORK, JAN. 28*

A week ago at the doctor's office the nurse made a crack about my appearance as judged from that morning's paper. I returned a blank look; she smiled and turned around a copy of the *New York Times*, on the back cover of which I found a picture of myself about a half-acre in size. Way up on top the headline: "Where millions get to know / two great conversationalists." Then six leagues down, under the picture, in type so tiny only U-2 cameras can read it, the line, "Editor and novelist William F. Buckley last wrote for *TV Guide* on 'What I Didn't Tell Johnny Carson.'" Under that, in the space left over, the commercial: "An article by William F. Buckley or an ad for AT&T. Both create a dialogue with over forty million adults in *TV Guide*. Because our readers have a unique relationship with the magazine." Etc. etc.—a brief commercial directed at advertisers, on behalf of *TV Guide*.

Now there is no reason for the general public to know that a typical contract with a typical publication for which an author writes an article grants to the publication the right to promote that article using the name and picture of the author. And given that I had no intimation of the full-page reproduction of my noble features in the *N.Y. Times* advertisement, clearly *TV Guide* was relying for authorization for its panoramic ad on that near-invisible little six-point reference to an article I had written a year ago. I add quickly that I have no objection to *TV Guide*; that the editor I deal with there I deem an exemplary and genial professional, and I have known the owner of *TV Guide* as a friend for twenty years. Still, the casual observer would conclude that I had lost my virginity.

As also the not-so-casual observer. The morning's mail brings a letter from an advertising agency. Mr. Tom Messner of Messner, Vetere, Berger, and Carey of Madison Avenue writes: "Re: WFB in *TV Guide*. Dear Mr. Buckley, Have you lost your virginity? Have you finally succumbed? Cordially, Tom Messner—the guy who, nine years ago, tried to seduce you into appearing in an ad for Barney's."

The episode is worth recalling. I had received a suave letter from Mr. Messner asking if I would tout "the conservative clothes" at Barney's Men's Store. And I commented, "I have written on the uncrystallized ethic of product endorsement. The general attitude on the subject is lackadaisical. People do not dislike Joe DiMaggio for puffing a bank whose policies he probably knows less about than the bank's advertising manager knows about batting averages. Everyone knows that, like professional wrestling, it is phony, and nobody appears to care. Laurence Olivier can move from playing Coriolanus, and disdaining the imperfections of human nature, to shilling for Polaroid: so what? Politicians read the lines someone writes for them, poets laureate can be got to praise a monarch notwithstanding their private opinions of him. Art is for hire."

It was then, however, that I entered my demurral: "Still, I have come recently across a category of people known in the trade as 'virgins.' They are public figures who decline to endorse a commercial product, period. . . . I intend to remain a virgin until the time comes when no one will any longer care to seduce me."

The *TV Guide* caper—using a picture of an author who has written for the magazine in such a way as to induce even professionals like Mr. Messner to believe the author is engaging in commercial endorsements—is a maneuver against which I have formally protested, and I am willing to put it down as a fast one by nice people who, however, deserve this public rebuke. But the opportunity presents itself to reaffirm a sharp distinction, which is between commercial endorsements, and endorsements. I think it entirely wrong so to cosset oneself as to decline extemporaneously to express enthusiasm for any product. I have in months and years gone by urged all who would listen to me to discover the pleasures of Kaypro computers, Red Wing peanut butter, SRT's Smartkey, Microlytics' Word Finder, Norton-Lambert's LYNC Communications System, MCI's telecommunications, the Alta Lodge in Utah, and all the Azores, and I intend never to seclude to myself the special satisfactions of useful and agreeable products and places.

But the chastity belt is still on, Mr. Messner, and by the way, how are things over at Barney's? I intend some day before I die to hop on down and look at your conservative clothes. But the visit will be discreet. I'll be wearing a mustache, and an orange wig. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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## Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

TOM BETHELL:

*On Amnesty*

The following outcome thus looms as a possibility. News of the amnesty will travel swiftly in Mexico and points south. The precedent of one amnesty will create expectations—and pressure—for another.



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## Personal

**(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)**

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## Miscellaneous

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# TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

## DEFINITIONS

A. Arthur Wellesley's favorite beef dish — 38 11 67 24 129 165 154 105 96 112

B. Remnants of a bombed-out geometry classroom — 50 116 162 37 90 102 23 134 8

C. Origin of much "batty" liberalism (2 words) — 135 28 148 79 167 5 65 117 42

D. Did a fundraiser's job — 133 84 41 144 15 1 101 169 118 31

E. Heavy quilt for a featherweight (2 words) — 72 104 186 56 40 166 16 89 153

F. Capitol Hill denizen — 151 45 196 100 2 32 138 108 95 66 / 173 20 178 125

G. Smoker's exaggerated commendation — 110 14 99 34 195 180 57

H. Ancient — 171 64 143 10 184 78 46

I. Former Egyptian capital — 121 36 187 83 177 62

J. Hard street to find — 115 164 199 77

K. How a jilted Boaz may have felt — 76 159 150 122 25 58 4 198

L. Uncaring — 168 126 12 194 54 155 113 181 137

M. Windbag — 141 146 39 73 22 197 176 52

N. He married Desdemona — 127 170 106 29 145 140 91

O. Hard to manage — 86 51 103 68 182 131 13 142

P. Descriptive of the lobotomized? — 26 161 47 190 93 114 7 59 74 203 / 183

Q. Carpenter's pin — 124 111 18 179 71

R. Incitement to good deeds — 55 188 19 201 3 98 85 70 174 158 / 30

S. Former Maryland senator — 48 82 156 120 200 63 172

T. Descriptive of the "star" pupil — 147 97 130 6 27 60 185 107 202 160

U. "A ___ and a tinder box are spark-led." —Pope — 175 33 189 109 9 87 69 136

V. A hurrying Gorbachev? — 44 92 163 128 191 75 17

W. A good Communist is this, by God! — 152 35 94 123 193 81 53

X. Automobile supporter — 21 157 43 192 149 80 119

Y. Money-market bottom line — 88 132 49 139 61

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 D | 2 F | 3 R | 4 K | ■ | 5 C | 6 T | ■ | 7 P | 8 B | 9 U | ■ | 10 H | 11 A | 12 L | 13 O | ■ | 14 G |
| 15 D | 16 E | 17 V | ■ | 18 Q | 19 R | 20 F | 21 X | 22 M | ■ | 23 B | 24 A | 25 K | ■ | 26 P | 27 T | 28 C | ■ |
| 29 N | 30 R | 31 D | 32 F | ■ | 33 U | 34 G | ■ | 35 W | 36 I | 37 B | ■ | 38 A | 39 M | 40 E | 41 D | 42 C | ■ |
| 43 X | 44 V | 45 F | ■ | 46 H | 47 P | 48 S | 49 Y | ■ | 50 B | 51 O | 52 M | ■ | 53 W | 54 L | 55 R | ■ | 56 E |
| 57 G | 58 K | 59 P | 60 T | 61 Y | 62 I | ■ | 63 S | 64 H | 65 C | ■ | 66 F | ■ | 67 A | 68 O | 69 U | 70 R | 71 Q |
| 72 E | ■ | 73 M | 74 P | 75 V | 76 K | 77 J | ■ | 78 H | 79 C | ■ | 80 X | 81 W | ■ | 82 S | ■ | 83 I | 84 D |
| 85 R | 86 O | 87 U | 88 Y | ■ | 89 E | 90 B | 91 N | 92 V | 93 P | 94 W | 95 F | ■ | 96 A | 97 T | 98 R | ■ | 99 G |
| *100F* | *101D* | *102B* | ■ | *103O* | *104E* | *105A* | *106N* | *107T* | *108F* | ■ | *109U* | *110G* | *111Q* | *112A* | ■ | *113L* | *114P* |
| 115J | ■ | 116B | 117C | 118D | 119X | 120S | ■ | 121I | 122K | 123W | ■ | 124Q | 125F | 126L | 127N | 128V | 129A |
| 130T | ■ | 131O | 132Y | 133D | 134B | 135C | 136U | ■ | 137L | 138F | 139Y | 140N | ■ | 141M | 142O | ■ | 143H |
| 144D | 145N | 146M | ■ | 147T | 148C | ■ | 149X | 150K | 151F | 152W | 153E | 154A | 155L | ■ | 156S | 157X | 158R |
| 159K | 160T | 161P | 162B | 163V | ■ | 164J | 165A | 166E | ■ | 167C | 168L | 169D | 170N | 171H | 172S | 173F | 174R |
| 175U | ■ | 176M | 177I | 178F | 179Q | 180G | 181L | 182O | 183P | ■ | 184H | 185T | 186E | ■ | 187I | 188R | 189U |
| 190P | 191V | 192X | 193W | 194L | 195G | ■ | 196F | 197M | 198K | 199J | 200S | 201R | 202T | 203P | ■ | ■ | ■ |



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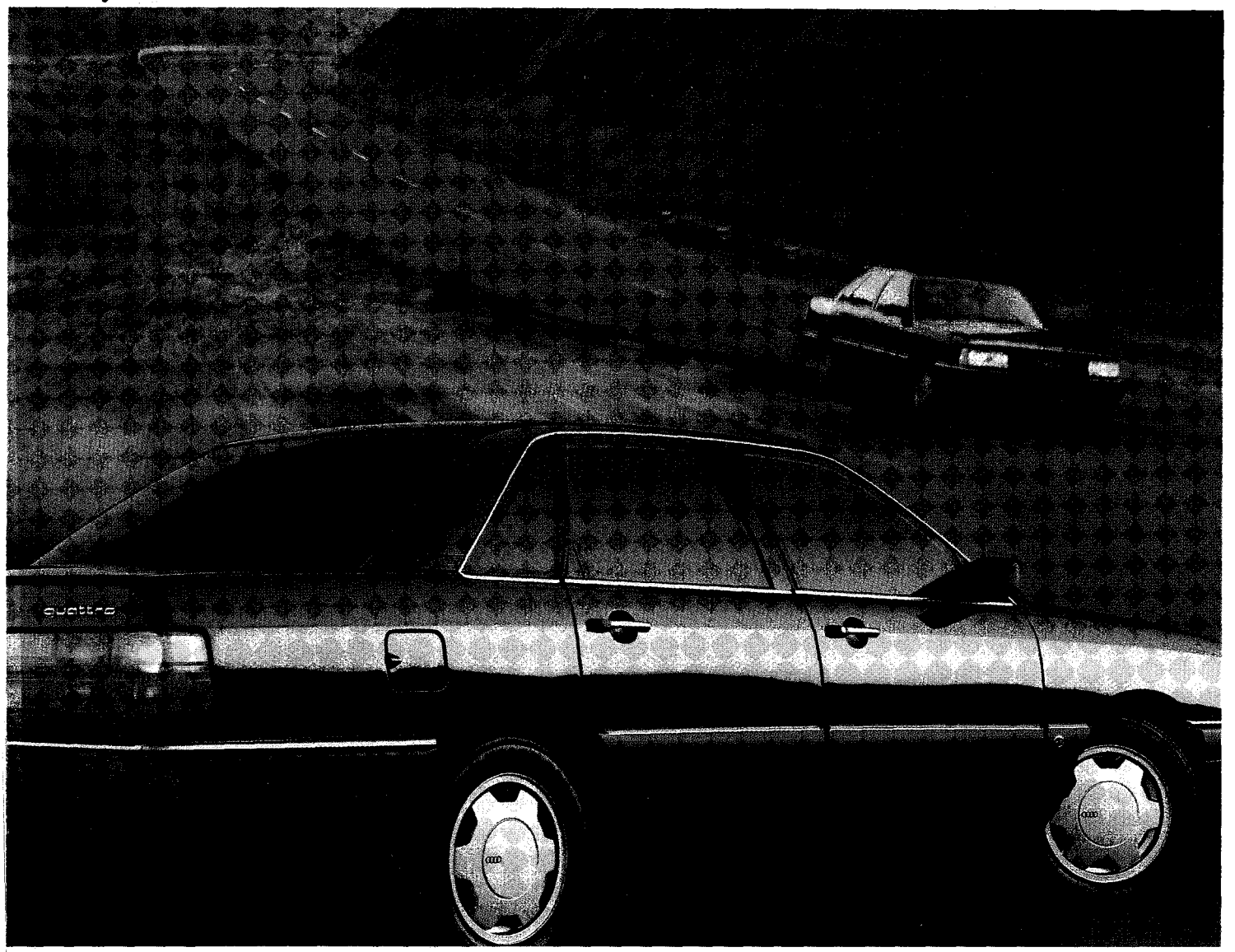


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